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**Bishop Sheen's
Converts**

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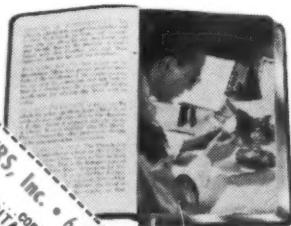
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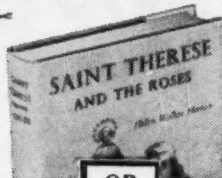
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In the book you will see a copy of a book review by St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, which concludes: "The work is highly recommended to parents by a number of cautious priests." Excerpts from the Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. D. Conway's review of this book in the Catholic Messenger are as follows: "I don't mind giving him (the author) a free assist because this book well deserves a boost. It will prevent the curious little mind from experiment, shame, and a feeling of guilt. And above all, it will establish that confidence and frankness which is going to be so necessary 10 or 12 years later when real problems arise, and thus will save teen-agers from coming to me or some other priest with questions they wouldn't dare ask mother."

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What Is the Stars?

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

GENUINELY HUMOROUS books are rarer than rubies. *What Is the Stars?* by Arthur Roth, is a rare one, crammed with chuckles, smiles, and laughs. Like the hilarious *No Time For Sergeants*, it is a book dealing with the comic aspects of army life. The reader will find himself in Ireland during the 2nd World War. Among the troops guarding the borders of the Irish Free State is an ordnance company. But what a company! It's the finest collection of Irish "characters" assembled in one group since *The Playboy of the Western World*.

Topping the roster is the Knave. His name is rather a stylish one, O'Hanlon, and he has been a long time soldiering with the British in India. He knows every trick in the military book. He is chiefly motivated by the true Irish spirit of being "agin the government." In this case, the government is personified by Lt. Percival Pettigo, the company adjutant, a small-minded tyrant.

The Knave, a completely charming rascal, usually stays in the background, well content to be the brains of any conspiracy against regulations. Fronting for him is the Slater, the youngest soldier in the outfit.

The Knave's machinations are mostly triumphant. Among the many, there was his artful sabotaging of the adjutant's training schedule for field sports and the uproarious debacle he maneuvered when Pettigo ordered a 32-mile march to better the record of the Japanese.

But the author is too canny to overload the dice on the side of the underdogs. Pettigo was often silly or out to make a name for himself, but his nature had a vein of cunning which once in a while completely routed his tormentors.

Pettigo's best effort, one of the funniest episodes in the book, had to do with the Slater's application to change his religion.

It happened in this way. When the month of May came along, a two-weeks' mission came with it. Two Passionist Fathers arrived at the village church.

The various units, including the ordnance company, could not be compelled to attend the mission, but with subtle guile their officers issued orders for a duty parade to the door of the church. Once there, the soldiers, not knowing army law, went in and sat through the services.

The sermons were long. While

the missionaries outdid themselves picturing sinners roasting "on the hobs of hell" the sounds and atmosphere of May were all about them: the sweet scent of flowering trees and other growing things, the laughter of girls in the meadows.

After a few days of this, the Knave, after a bit of research, came up with the information that according to military law the soldiers could not be forced to remain for the sermon.

This information was passed on to the Slater and Fitzhenry. So the three of them got up before the sermon and left the church. Troopers from other units followed their bad example.

Pettigo presumably was attending the mission, too. He decided that, working through the Slater, he would force the ordnance company to make the entire mission.

He commanded the Slater to hand in the names of all ordnance-company members leaving the church before the sermon.

Obviously the Slater was now the key to the situation. A council of war was held. The Knave decided that to eliminate the danger the Slater must put in a written request to change his religion. Military law allows this. Of course, the Slater hadn't the slightest notion of ever changing his religion; but, as the Knave pointed out, the young trooper could pretend to be serious until the mission was over.

The discussion of what new re-

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ligion the Slater would elect is fantastically funny. The Knave suggested a change to Protestant, but the Slater was horrified. He finally settled for atheist.

So the Slater made his written request. Pettigo saw through the scheme, and forwarded the letter to Captain Webley, the company commander. The Slater stood up well before the "old man," who felt sure the notion must be caused by "girl trouble."

In a great dither the Slater was passed on to Father Moran, the thundering post chaplain. This was a severe ordeal; but the Slater passed that one, too.

Then Pettigo, with a flash of Machiavelli, moved in for the kill.

"Do you still want the application forwarded?" Pettigo asked the Slater when he returned from Father Moran.

"Yes, sir."

"Good." The adjutant gave a crooked smile. "You know we'll have to write a letter to your next of kin informing them of your change of religion? According to regulations, when there's a change in a soldier's vital statistics, his next of kin have to be notified."

"The Slater closed his eyes and vividly imagined the incredulous look on his mother's face when she read that he had abandoned the faith. He saw her in sackcloth and ashes, adding an extra decade to the evening Rosary for the return of the lost one. He saw her barraging St.

Anne with novenas. But, worst of all, he knew that she would unmercifully castigate herself for having reared a son who had fallen away from the Church. He voiced his objection, 'Sir, I don't think that's necessary, I'd rather explain it to her myself.'

"The adjutant saw the worried fear in the Slater's eyes. Positive now of his strategic strength, he pressed the attack. 'The regulations state an official notification, which means a letter from the commanding officer.'

"'Sir,' the Slater appealed. 'Perhaps I'd better not change after all. Father Moran said if I prayed I might get back the faith and maybe I should wait a few weeks before I change—to see if the faith comes back,' he finished weakly."

This episode, so rich in humorous situations, is characteristic of the entire book, which displays the Irish genius for comedy at its most brilliant.

In arranging for the Catholic Digest Book Club edition I deleted one short section in the early pages; because of its tragic implications, it did not fit the comic character of the book.

You'll laugh your way through *What Is the Stars?* It is published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Inc., New York City, at \$3.95 (but to Catholic Digest Book Club members, only \$2.95). To join the club, write: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD109, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

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Entertainment

By Kay Sullivan



In Cork The "Oscar" Is Glass

That famous little Hollywood statue named Oscar that all film actors yearn to see on their mantels has a new rival. It's the "Irish Oscar," a gleaming shaft of Waterford glass, hand-made, hand-cut, and engraved.

The trophy, a creation of Ireland's famous Waterford Glass Co., which has been in business since 1783, is the official top award of the Cork Film Festival. The Festival, scheduled from September 23 to 30 this year, has been growing in importance since its 1956 debut. One of the few movie competitions to have the approval of the International Federation of Film Producers' Associations, it has won praise for its sincere approach to the art of filmmaking.

The Irish version of Oscar is 23 inches tall and all glass, as compared with Hollywood's Oscar, who is ten inches tall and 92½% tin, reinforced with copper and gilded. The trophy is a true work of art with an intrinsic value of over \$200. It features an engraving of St. Genesius, first Christian actor-martyr. The masks of Comedy and Tragedy are at his feet. Just behind him is his Roman executioner with drawn sword.

The design for the glass "Oscar"

was conceived only last year. The first one went to Teiji Takahashi of Japan for his performance in **The Ballad of Narayama**.

Although only one "Oscar" is handed out at the Cork Festival, winners in other categories do not go unrewarded. They get handsome little statues of St. Finbarr, first bishop of Cork.

* * *

Man versus mountain, a rivalry as old as nature, is the basis for a thrilling new film, **Third Man on the Mountain**, a Walt Disney Buena Vista release. Inspired by the best-selling *Banner in the Sky*, it tells the story of a youth who dreams of conquering a mountain and of those who risk their lives with him. An "edge-of-the-seat" thriller, it combines suspense with magnificent scenery. Stars Michael Rennie, James MacArthur, and Janet Munro actually risked their lives during the filming in the French and Swiss Alps. Rennie edged his way along mile-high ledges; MacArthur worked on the brink of precipices; and Miss Munro dangled upside down



James MacArthur: he really leaped

from a three-strand rope over a 3,000-foot drop. You'll even glimpse James MacArthur's famous mother, actress Helen Hayes, in a bit part.

Texas, famous for doing everything in a great big way, can now boast that it has not one but two San Antonios. The newest one is really the old, original "San Anton," reconstructed as a movie set for "the biggest Western ever put on film." The picture, titled **Alamo**, will relate the story of the Texan struggle for independence from Mexico. Box-office colossus John Wayne will direct as well as star in it. So far, **Alamo's** budget has hit the \$8 million mark. Reconstructing San Antonio alone cost a million dollars, primarily because every building is completely authentic, with no false fronts, no empty interiors. Erected on a 22,000-acre ranch about 100 miles southwest of the other San Antonio, the movie town could house 7,000 people comfortably. Settlers are not invited however: most of it will be blown sky-high during battle scenes.

Television Time . . .

Those ladies who depend on the sad plights of soap-opera heroines for their daily amusement will have a chance to look at themselves instead if CBS-TV has its way this fall. On **Woman**, a special hour-long daytime show, CBS plans a comprehensive probe of the average woman's role in society. Projected programs will dwell on how she spends her money, brings up her children, is influenced by fashion, and whether or not she is losing her femininity.

There's some relief in sight for TV viewers weary of watching Western sheriffs whom no cattle rustler or gam-

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bler can dismay and crime shows set to ear-splitting jazz obligatos. **Our American Heritage**, an NBC-TV network series on Sunday nights from 8 to 9, will dramatize vital periods in U. S. history through significant events in the lives of famous Americans. The opening show on October 18 will be called **Divided We Stand**. It features a little-known historical episode between Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. Vow the producers: "Our entertainment will be more than good theater. . . . We mean to stir the mind and reawaken the sense of pride in our country's heritage."

New Records . . .

A very special treat indeed is **A Party With Betty Comden and Adolph Green** (Capitol WAO 1197), recorded during an actual stage performance. You'll hear these two brilliant artists singing songs they wrote for shows like *On the Town*, *Good News*, and *Bells Are Ringing*.

Rightly called a "musical spectacular" is **An Evening With Lerner and Loewe** (RCA Victor, LPM-6005). Robert Merrill, Jan Peerce, Jane Powell, and Phil Harris sing memorable L & L tunes from *Brigadoon*, *Gigi*, *Paint Your Wagon*, and *My Fair Lady*.

Still another album of great show tunes from Broadway and Hollywood hits is **Show Time**, newest offering by Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians (Decca DL 8845). Berlin, Porter, Rodgers & Hammerstein, and Kern predominate.

George R. Marek, vice president and general manager of RCA Victor Records, claims that the beauty of a recorded performance can be highlighted by the beauty of the package that contains it.

He put some of the country's finest graphic designers, typographers, and artists to work to design the packaging for a new de luxe package line. Now you'll be getting record albums in a special "flip-top" box with inner pockets for records, librettos, photographs of performing artists, and biographical notes. Among new releases handsomely dressed up: **The Marriage of Figaro**, recorded in Vienna, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting.

Books . . .

Frances R. Horwich, Miss Frances of TV's *Ding-Dong School* fame, has just written a valuable "how-to" book to guide parents through that most famous of all obstacle courses: bringing up a child. **The Magic of Bringing Up Your Child**, published by McGraw-Hill, N.Y., describes simply and clearly the basic needs, desires, and feelings of children and the parental outlooks and attitudes essential to the rearing of a happy child.

A storehouse of knowledge about the wide, wide world is contained between the covers of a handsomely illustrated book, **The Maryknoll Book of Peoples** by Albert J. Nevins (Crawley & Co., N.Y.). It's virtually an encyclopedia on humanity with stories about every corner of the globe from Alaska to Malaya, Lapland to Japan.

Art . . .

Having dwelt on the Irish "Oscar" earlier in this column, it might seem "one-country minded" to bring up something else Irish in the same issue. But it just happens that at Ireland House in New York City a most unusual display is attracting wide attention: the first Irish ecclesiastical-art exhibit ever held in the U. S. The show

underscores the affinity of Irish artists and sculptors for religious art. Profoundly beautiful stained glass, mosaics, and wood carvings in a contemporary feeling are shown. Two items that drew visitors back again and again were church vestments made of featherweight, handwoven Irish tweed and rosary beads fashioned of Connemara marble and Irish horn.

It is interesting to read in the Irish exhibit's program notes Pope John's words about modern ecclesiastical art.

Warning against the "crazy forms of excessive vanguard movements," His Holiness has said, "New forms of art, when they are inspired by a spirit of faith and by a feeling of truth and beauty, should be encouraged because people are growing accustomed to them and are beginning to appreciate them. Do not grow polemical about modern art: give it credit and judge it calmly."

The Positive Pen . . .

Have you written your "pat-on-the-back" letter yet? Or maybe you missed the Catholic Institute of the Press plea for a nationwide letter-writing campaign to encourage good wholesome entertainment. CIP points out that people inevitably have a wonderful reaction to "nice thank-you letters." Among people you can influence by such letters are TV and radio directors, sponsors, book publishers, magazine and newspaper editors, theater and movie producers and exhibitors.

Next time you're personally pleased with a movie, telecast, book, or article, let those responsible hear about it. Don't limit your efforts to fault-finding. Try the positive approach; it's far more effective than the poison pen.



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By Paul Doyle

College for Nuns

Seattle university is meeting head on the greatest challenge in Catholic education

MOST AMERICAN CATHOLICS are aware of a critical problem in Catholic education: the shortage of fully qualified teachers. Today, 96,000 nuns teach almost 5 million pupils, an average of about 50 per teacher. In ten more years, 60,000 more teachers will be needed to educate only half of the Catholic children in the U.S.

Anyone who has grown gloomy over such statistics would find it heartening to visit the campus of Seattle university, Seattle, Wash., around 8 A.M. any school day. A Greyhound bus discharges 38 textbook-laden nuns. Other Sisters arrive in station wagons or private cars. They come to attend classes at the university's new College of Sister Formation.

A college of Sister formation combines a college education with the normal spiritual training of the convent. Last June, Seattle university,

a Jesuit-administered coeducational institution, graduated the first Sisters ever to earn degrees from a Sister-formation college in the U.S.

The program follows a five-year course of study planned during the national Sister-formation conference at Everett, Wash., in the summer of 1956. The conference, financed by a \$50,000 grant from the Ford Foundation for the Advancement of Education, sought to draw up "the ideal course of study for the teaching Sister."

The Sister-formation movement has been working toward better education for Sisters since 1952. The aim of the movement is a college degree for every Sister, whether teacher, nurse, or social worker. Msgr. Frederick G. Hochwalt, secretary of the National Catholic Educational association, has called it "the most significant movement in Catholic education today."

Sisters did receive training prior to Sister Formation, of course. Most of the nuns teaching in parochial schools are close to their degrees, if they do not already have them. But too often nuns have been hurried through their programs and into the classrooms to meet the teacher-shortage emergency.

Pope Pius XII made pleas for better teacher training in 1950, 1951, and 1952. Addressing the first international congress of teaching Sisters in Rome in September, 1951, he said, "Many of your schools are praised and described to us as good, but not all. It is our fervent wish that all strive to become excellent. This presupposes that your teaching Sisters are masters of subjects they expound. See to it, therefore, that they are well trained, and that their education corresponds in quality and academic degrees to that demanded by the state."

Sister formation grew out of the efforts of a few Sisters in the college and university department of the National Catholic Educational association to promulgate the Holy Father's message. In 1952, they sent a questionnaire to the 377 teaching

Communities in the U.S. Of the 255 that replied, 118 had no college programs of their own and no Catholic college nearby. Only 13 had full Bachelor-degree programs in operation. The Sisters would be hurried out to the parish schools after a minimum of preparation, and would come back to summer school year after year.

Sister Mary Emil, I.H.M., first national chairman of the Sister-formation conferences, says, "Although degree programs existed in some of the very largest Communities, the survey showed that in almost every Religious Congregation there are a large number of in-service teachers who must strive through a period of from ten to 20 years of summer schools to attain what is now recognized as minimum preparation."

In 1954 the name Sister Formation was adopted for a new organization patterned after the National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards. That fall and winter the first regional conferences were held. In 1956 came the national workshop at Everett.

The Everett curriculum and the longer pre-education principle of the



Sister-formation movement have been widely adopted by Catholic Communities. But only a few have any formal program. While the Everett workshop was going on, Mother Mary Philothea, F.C.S.P., provincial superior of the Seattle province of the Sisters of Providence, was negotiating with officials of Seattle university. She wanted to set up a demonstration center at the university to show other religious Communities the possibilities of the curriculum.

In the fall of 1957, a College of Sister Formation was set up at the university. A year later it was officially accepted as an academic unit. Mother Philothea (now national chairman of the Sister-formation movement) became dean.

Saint Teresa's college, Winona, Minn., is also a demonstration center for the curriculum. No separate college has been set up there; at St. Teresa's, a woman's college, the Sisters are taught by nuns of their own Order. Marillac college, a five-year Sister-formation college in Normandy, Mo., graduated its first class last August. Marillac is a separate institution, and the Sisters have no contact with lay students.

Four Orders now cooperate in the program at Seattle university: the Sisters of Charity of Providence, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Newark, the Dominican Sisters of the Congregation of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the Dominican Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

The Sisters attend school for five

years. They attend for a full four quarters each year, and earn between 230 and 240 quarter credits by graduation. (A normal school year is three quarters. The B.A. degree at Seattle university normally requires 196 credits.)

The Sisters have a few hours of elective courses each quarter of the junior and senior years. But their concentration is in the social sciences. Specialization comes after graduation, when the nuns return during summer school to study for Masters' degrees in their chosen fields.

Most of the nuns at Seattle university are juniors and seniors, and have already taken their vows. Freshman and sophomore classes for postulants and novices are held at the motherhouses of the participating Orders, so as not to interfere with important spiritual formation.

The postulate, or first year in the convent, corresponds with the freshman year of college. Then follow two years in the novitiate, which includes both the canonical and sophomore years. The canonical year is one of spiritual retreat and preparation required by the Church. Fewer classes are taken during this time. After the novitiate, the Sister takes her vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The juniorate is equivalent to the junior and senior years.

By about 1961, the whole college will move to a new campus built by the Sisters of Providence at Providence Heights, 30 miles east of Seat-

tle. All phases of the program will be united in one place. Providence Heights college will continue to be an institutional branch of Seattle university. It will have room for 300 nuns. There will be residence halls, classrooms, a swimming pool, tennis courts, and a library of 100,000 books.

A separate faculty is in training, though Seattle university will continue to send teachers and speakers to the new institution. By the time Providence Heights opens, ten Sisters will return from doctoral studies at Fordham university; the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.; and Immaculate Heart college, Los Angeles. They will have doctors' degrees in theology, history, mathematics, science, philosophy, English, biology, and political science. The Sisters of Providence will take students from other Orders as long as there is room.

For those Sisters who now ride the bus from the house of studies at Everett, the school day begins at 6:45, when the bus departs. En route, the Sisters study and pray.

They take such special courses as psychology of learning, Christian art and music, national issues, social economics, and plant biology. One Sister-formation course, world literature, became so popular it was offered for the rest of the student body as well. The nuns take such electives as English history and American literature in the regular university classes.

"The enthusiasm of those nuns," says one professor, "communicates itself to the instructor. The Sisters don't have the distractions of domestic life, and their religious dedication adds to their firmness of purpose."

Another says that "the Sisters all have a goal. It's refreshing to have every student in the class eager for an idea."

Some of the Sisters attend Seattle university's School of Nursing. After the basic five years, the Sister interns for two years of clinical work. She then receives, in addition to her B.A. degree, a B.S. degree in nursing.

Anyone crossing the campus will see nuns chatting with students, or waiting in line at the bookstore, or checking out books in the library. The Sisters don't paint election posters, or sit in the student cafeteria, or pledge service fraternities, or become cheerleaders, but they are now an organic part of the student body.

Student comments on the nuns run from "I really enjoy talking to them" to "Makes you realize they have problems, too." One husky basketball player thought the nuns were "too humble" and should "speak up more."

An ROTC cadet said that the Sisters were "definitely an asset to the school. They come up with good ideas. They help foster vocations because they show the girls—the guys too—what remarkable women nuns are."

When nuns are in classes with other students, a common complaint

is that they raise the class average too high. One instructor says that the Sisters do double the work of the average lay student. Sisters are consistently on the honor roll. They have come off with exceptionally high grades in the spring comprehensive examination in philosophy. In the last test, nuns picked off the top three positions.

Students are quick to recognize certain practical advantages of having nuns for classmates. Many pick up missed assignments from "Sister." A common sight during the cramming period before exams is a nun being interviewed by several anxious fellow students.

When Sister does miss a question in class, or comes late, or misses a day, she usually has to take some kidding. One teacher made a habit of asking the one nun in his class only the hardest questions. The embarrassed Sister had to be about three pages ahead every day in order to have peace.

The Sisters like being with the other students despite the occasional teasing. "I think it's a very wonderful, healthy thing," one Sister said.

"We hear some things we probably wouldn't hear in the convent," said another, "but I think that helps us to grow in maturity. We get a better emotional and social insight into the student."

One Sister thought it was good for the students "to know we have to

go through college just like other teachers." Another gave the Catholic students a real tribute when she said, "Some of them give us a real incentive. They are active in many organizations. You see them visiting the chapel. It makes you realize that we don't have a priority on the spiritual life, and that the Christian way is the natural way for all men."

Pastors were dismayed at first to hear they wouldn't be getting any more Sisters for a while. Many had to hire lay teachers. But they knew the program would ultimately pay off. Archbishop Connolly of Seattle remarked that the teacher shortage would be acute, but only temporarily. "Those responsible for the establishment of the Sister-formation conferences," he said, "have earned the undying gratitude of every teaching Community in the nation."

"Sister formation exists," says Mother Philothea, "because more and more training is being demanded in every profession. We are keeping pace."

At Seattle university, Sister formation is doing more than keeping pace. Nuns are in training to give Catholic children a better education than they have ever had before. The sentimental stereotype of the naïve nun is dying away. Sisters are accepting the challenge of the world. And they are giving those about them a better understanding of what it is to be a Sister.

Radio Free Europe: a Toe in the Door

Communist satellite governments spend \$200 million a year trying to jam RFE broadcasts

IN KISKUNFEL-EGYHAZA, Hungary, last Palm Sunday, communist loud-speaker trucks pulled up outside churches and blared out jazz all through Mass. Shortly afterward, Radio Free Europe reported the incident, so that the faithful in Hungary might know of the petty as well as the grave harassments that confront their Church.

In Romania, the government decreed a criminal code so harsh that it did not dare publish it. Romanians learned of the new penalties only from Radio Free Europe.

About the same time, a Polish boxing team was sent to Germany for a series of fights that had Polish fans hopping with excitement. Warsaw radio promised to announce the winner of each match. But it soon changed its plans—Radio Free Europe was broadcasting a blow-by-blow description.

These broadcasts, in Hungarian, Romanian, and Polish, and others in Czech, Slovak, and Bulgarian, all came from a labyrinthine white building in Munich. There, in the studios of Radio Free Europe, an in-

visible link is forged anew each day between the free world and the 77 million people who live in communist East Europe.

Run by Americans, and financed by contributions from the U.S. public and government, Radio Free Europe is organized to oppose com-



munist on its home grounds. Since it began operations in 1950, it has come to occupy a vital role in the struggle for freedom. The communist governments give it generous recognition with regular denunciations: jamming stations designed to hinder its broadcasts cost them an estimated \$200 million a year. Only Poland has given up jamming.

Americans direct the preparation of programs, but the broadcasts are written and delivered by natives of the nations to whom the programs are directed. Many of them have lived under communism. In the 476 hours of programs beamed each week to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria, RFE tries to mix news, comment, music, and entertainment. The object is to keep alive in the East the faith that freedom exists, and the knowledge that those who enjoy it have not forgotten the plight of those who are deprived.

Since the bloody revolution of 1956, the Hungarian communist regime has been issuing statements in the name of the Hungarian bishops. This spring, it announced that the bishops had dismissed 14 seminarians from the Central seminary in Budapest. The truth was reported by Father Karoly Fabian in a RFE broadcast: the students were ousted by the government because they refused to take part in communist demonstrations. Sixty of the remaining students quit in disgust, leaving only a handful to continue under reorganized, communist-appointed direction.

"The communist tactic," Father Fabian said, "is to try to show that the bishops are against the Vatican." It is aimed not only at lulling the people into accepting communism, but also at provoking the Vatican into acting against the trapped Hungarian clergymen so that a schism

might result. "That," said the priest, "is the grand design."

Father Fabian is one of four priests working at Radio Free Europe. He broadcasts Mass each Sunday, and devotes special programs during the week to religion news and commentaries on the Church in modern life. His family does not know where he is; it would be dangerous for them if authorities were aware that their son spoke on RFE.

"I try to say the things that it is not possible for the Church to say inside Hungary, to help people with the problems of their life," Father Fabian explains. "I report on Church events, on the doings of the Pope, how the Church works in a free world.

"The communists say the Church is an antiquated relic of the middle ages, so I show how the Church develops in free countries, its interest in social questions, its active role in modern life. I don't get many letters from my listeners—it is too perilous for them, but once in a while a message gets through." He thumbed through the papers on his littered desk and found a crumpled letter. "Here, this one says, 'The broadcasts on the Church and Rome are to us like May rain. Please go on.'"

There are 46 million Catholics in the countries to which RFE is beamed. Their problems differ greatly from country to country. It is up to the radio priest to know the pressures facing people in his own country, and to give them consolation.

In Hungary, Catholics are daily faced with the dilemma of how to defend their faith without provoking retribution from the state. "I tell them," Father Fabian said softly, "to defend truth in the family, to bring their children up as Christians. That is all they can do. But I remind them too of the many historical examples that truth triumphs over force. The nazis said that their Reich would last 1000 years. It didn't."

A recent Vatican declaration, aimed especially at Sicily, caused a serious problem for RFE priests. The Vatican prohibited Catholics from voting for parties which support communists.

Father Fabian explained to those who worried how they should interpret this that the ruling applied to free elections, where there is a choice. In Hungary, there is no choice. All parties support communism, and all citizens are under severe pressure to vote.

The situation in Poland, where the hierarchy and the government observe an uneasy truce, is very different. Sometimes, smiled Father Tadeusz Kirschke, the Polish priest, "I have to remind some village priests not to let themselves be carried away by their feelings."

A frail, slight man with pale brown eyes and an air of having seen too much to be surprised any longer, Father Kirschke has been with RFE for seven years now. Before the war, he worked with Polish emigrants in France. When war started he be-

came a military chaplain with the Polish forces there. He was working in a hospital at the moment France collapsed, however, and could have escaped. But he wanted to stay with his unit, so he presented himself to the Germans and was sent to a prisoner-of-war camp. After four and a half years, he was hauled away to a concentration camp on charges of keeping up secret contacts with the Polish underground, and he was sentenced to death. On the day of his scheduled execution, the American Rainbow Division reached the camp and freed the prisoners.

When the Warsaw regime refused to allow the Polish hierarchy to distribute gifts of clothes, food, and medicines sent by the National Catholic Welfare conference, Father Kirschke broadcast how American Catholics send similar gifts to many countries, Japan, Indochina, Africa, which are not even Christian. There, he pointed out, charity was graciously accepted and not called insulting.

But while he defends the Church against communist attacks, Father Kirschke also speaks out on other problems. When anti-Semitism erupted harshly in Poland some time ago, he gave a number of broadcasts insisting that human beings must be judged by "moral, not racial standards." The programs brought him a stream of letters denouncing Jews, arguing bitterly that conditions were special in Poland, equating Jews with communists. So Father Kirschke launched another series, pleading

for justice and tolerance. How many hearts he penetrated he has no way of knowing, but he is sure of at least one. A long and ardent letter, sent from Poland, declared, "I've changed my attitude about it. After hearing the radio priest, I see that we have to think differently."

RFE has two priests who broadcast to Czechoslovakia. Father Mikula addresses himself to the Slovaks. Father Alexander Heidler, a gaunt, somewhat harassed and scholarly-looking 42-year-old who had been chaplain to Catholic students at Prague university, speaks to Czechs. Father Heidler was arrested once in Prague, then released. He soon realized that the only reason for the reprieve was so that the police could find out who his friends were. A show trial of Catholic student leaders was being prepared where they were to be "unmasked as Vatican spies." Some of the students warned him that the police had tried to make them inform. Aware that he had become a danger to the others, he went to the mountains near the border, and sneaked across.

Father Heidler says that he can see, reading cryptic reports in the Czech press and drawing on his own experience, that Catholic student groups still secretly exist in Czechoslovakia. They meet irregularly, often without a priest, to discuss their problems. Sometimes one goes quietly to a priest to ask questions for all; sometimes they seek guidance from the radio.

The most heart-searching question for these loyal Catholics is the daily problem in dealing with the communists who run the country. If they work well, does it strengthen the regime and hurt the Church? Father Heidler said, "I tell them that the Christian-minded person must do his best in neutral matters, be first in his class, the best worker on the shift, the best athlete on the team. There can be no compromise in ideological matters. The best protection is to do well in other things.

"The tendency is the other way around. People slack off on their jobs, neglect their duties on the pretext that they are patriotically undermining communism. Then, they protect themselves from punishment by ideological collaboration."

For high personal standards, Father Heidler points to the example of the Czechoslovak monks and nuns. The government forcibly dissolved all Religious orders in 1950, forbade the wearing of habits, and sent monks and nuns to work in factories and mines. Worried that this would be a form of collaboration with communism, the monks secretly sought Vatican advice. They were told to go ahead, working as other citizens, and to try where they could to continue their religious work as well.

Priests who speak out too freely are in danger of arrest. People who visit priests too often may lose their jobs or worse. The RFE priests try to give the information and answers

the parish priests are prevented from giving at home.

That, in effect, is the whole idea of RFE, as explained by David Grozier, its director of public relations. There is no way of telling exactly how well it works, but there are many signs that most of the broadcasts get through despite the jamming, and that many people are listening.

"We had a terrible morale problem here in the desperate days of the Hungarian revolution," Grozier

said. "Our monitors had to sit and listen day and night to rebels, who had seized local radio stations, cry out, 'Radio Free Europe, help, please help. Can't you hear? We must have help.' The awful burden of being able to do nothing was almost too much to bear."

But RFE does not decide what should be done. It just tries to hold a toe in the door, so that a whiff of the West, of western news, western ideas, western faith, can get through to the shut-ins in the East.



In Our Parish

In our parish, the first-grade teacher was about to lead her class in prayer when Barbara Jean approached her with a woebegone expression in her big brown eyes.

"Sister," Barbara Jean asked, "will you pray with the class for my daddy? He is very sick."

Sister was concerned; she hadn't heard about any illness. "Of course, we'll pray for him," she said. "But, Barbara, what's the matter with your daddy?"

"Hangover," Barbara announced dramatically. "It's hangover."

Sister St. John Mary.



In our parish, seven-year-old Billy was attending parochial school for the first time. He watched and listened, careful not to miss a thing.

Across the aisle, another boy was printing the letters JMJ (Jesus, Mary, Joseph) at the top of his paper. Billy thought this was strange, but afraid to ask and not to be outdone, he neatly printed across the top of his paper his own favorite letters—USMC.

Paul T. Hennessy.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Newer Gadgets to Make Life Easier

Manufacturers are developing a tempting array of household goodies

FOR MILLIONS of American families, a new era of still more comfortable living is in the making. Some of industry's surprises already are beginning to show up in the stores. Others are still being tested and changed.

Housewares of tougher, more durable plastics are on the way, along with furniture made of new aluminum tubing. Right now there are colorful new decorating fabrics, made possible by dyeing glass-fiber yarn before it is woven.

Early models are likely to be expensive, but all are things the nation's housewives have said they wanted when quizzed in a national opinion survey two years ago. All offer new wrinkles for modern living.

The cooking of family meals is about to be revolutionized. One 1959-model electric range with a "microwave" oven cooks with high-frequency radio energy. Other materials will not absorb the radio waves, so food can be cooked in



china or glass dishes, or even on paper plates.

A microwave oven will bake cookies in 190 seconds and roast a frozen chicken in 25 minutes. A cherry pie, topped with ice cream from the freezer, can be made piping hot in 15 seconds without melting the ice cream.

Another new range, using gas as fuel, can be built into a kitchen-counter top. Flames are hidden under a thin plate of ceramic glass, a material originally developed for the nose cones of missiles. Hamburgers, pancakes, and similar foods can be cooked right on the ceramic cover plate; pots or pans aren't needed. When the food is done, the smooth cooking surface can be wiped clean with a damp cloth. There are no griddles to soak or scrub.

Portable gas burners that can be plugged into outlets round about the kitchen are coming soon. These easy-

*2300 N St., N.W., Washington 7, D.C. July 20, 1959. © 1959 by United States News Publishing Corp., and reprinted with permission.

to-carry units, resting on tables or counter tops, can be moved from place to place in the kitchen, multiplying its cooking areas.

For families that enjoy outdoor living, there's a new gas rotisserie that cooks food on a revolving spit with rays of heat. Installed in an outside kitchen wall, it swings outside to the patio for summer entertaining, into the kitchen for bad-weather use.

All the ice you can use is provided by a new gas refrigerator with an "ice magic" device. This makes ice cubes continuously, as needed, and stores them in a reach-in bin.

Coming is a completely silent electric refrigerator that operates without moving parts, noise, or vibration. The secret lies in metal devices, called thermocouples, that produce cold directly from electricity. Already, a thermoelectric refrigerator of this sort has been built and demonstrated.

Another thermoelectric product undergoing tests now is a dehumidifier to keep crackers, potato chips, and other foods crisp in humid weather. The device also can be put in a clothes closet to eliminate dampness.

All sorts of new equipment are available, or on the way, for cleaning dishes, clothes, rugs, and furniture, and disposing of household trash.

For example, there's a new washer-dryer combination that uses only 12 gallons of water to wash and dry a 10-pound load of clothes. Another new push-button washer-dryer auto-

matically sets the time, water temperature, and washing cycles for any fabric.

Manufacturers are testing pilot models of "ultrasonic" dishwashers. These use high-frequency sound waves to agitate water and knock the dirt off dishes in jig time.

The problem of disposing of waste paper, trash, and garbage can be solved for many families with new gas or electric incinerators that take up little space in the kitchen. The burners in these cabinets will reduce trash or garbage to a puff of ash without smoke or odor.

Some homeowners will like the convenience of a central vacuum-cleaning system with outlets in every room. A flexible hose attachment does the cleaning. Dust is sucked into a tank in the garage or basement.

One appliance manufacturer, polling housewives across the country, found that the chore they most disliked was scrubbing floors. The company developed, experimentally, an automatic battery-powered cleaner that scrubs, rinses, and dries the floor by remote control. This machine was demonstrated in a "kitchen of the future" display at the U.S. exhibit in Moscow last summer.

With one new-style phone, you'll use push buttons instead of a dial to get the number you want. Another phone now being tested can "remember" as many as 50 numbers you frequently call; it will ring any one of them automatically when you turn

a pointer to the name of the person you wish to call.

A home communications system that makes use of phone instruments in your house will permit you to talk between rooms; it will page anyone who gets an incoming call.

For the front door of your house, there's a receiver-transmitter box about the size of two packs of cigarettes. From any phone inside the house, you can talk with a visitor at the door without opening it.

The television fan today has his choice of a variety of new twists. One manufacturer has just announced a "programmer" that lets the viewer select the TV shows he wants to see over a 12-hour period. During that time, the set will turn itself on and off, and change channels. Another company is offering an automatic timer that snaps the set off at the end of a program.

A new portable TV set, battery powered, is designed to accompany the TV fan wherever he goes. It has a 14-inch screen, weighs about 15 pounds.

For those who wish to record their favorite programs and watch them at leisure, a new recording method stores both sound and pictures on magnetic tape.

Television engineers are still working on a long-time dream: a completely flat picture tube that can be hung on the wall.

Vast changes are on the way in central heating and cooling units, using either electricity or gas. One

already noticeable improvement: the elimination of basement "monsters" with many pipes, vents, and ducts.

Coming into wider use around the country is a year-round central air-conditioning unit called a heat pump. It cools the house in summer and heats it in winter, without chimney, plumbing, fuel lines, or storage tanks. The heat pump is able to extract some heat from even cold air, earth, or water in the winter, and carry that heat into the house through an exchange system. In summer, the heat pump's cycle is reversed so that the pump carries heat out of the house, even when the air outside is warmer than that inside. It is powered by electricity.

New gas air-conditioning systems produce cool air from a burning gas flame. Eventually, engineers say, a forced-air system using gas for heating and cooling will require no electrical connections. The gas will generate the electricity to drive the blower fan.

New batteries, longer-lasting and more dependable than before, are going into such cordless devices as electric clock-radios, hearing aids, transistor radios, toys. Some new batteries can be recharged by plugging them into an electric outlet.

An adjustable bed, controlled by a clock radio, will lift to a sitting position at the time you want to wake up, flatten when you want to sleep.

A new type of paper that's moisture resistant and can be ironed is

used for children's costumes, table covers, floor runners. New paper cups have been treated to improve their use for hot coffee, other beverages.

Built-in bathroom scales are concealed in the wall when not in use.

Paint treated with an insecticide kills insects that touch the wall or ceiling as long as the surface lasts.

A pocket-size two-way radio that is scarcely larger than a pack of cigarettes will operate over distances up to two miles.

These things, and many more, are now in production, or ready to be put to use. In days to come, they will lift even higher the standard of living that, for Americans generally, has been steadily rising for many years.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

I once worked as a housemother in a large orphanage for boys. Some of the boys had relatives who would bring them clothing and spending money from time to time. But others either had no living relatives, or were ignored by those they did have.

Each Saturday I would take a few of the orphans to the local movie theater. The group consisted of those boys who had the money and who had been on good behavior the previous week. Since the weekly movie represented the chief break in the rather dismal orphanage routine, every boy in the place looked forward to Saturday, hoping that he would be among the lucky ones.

Our superintendent was ingenious at devising ways for the poorer boys to earn a little movie money. One of his schemes was what we called the June-bug plan. He would pay a nickel for each quart of June bugs a boy would catch.

One boy—I'll call him Billy—had not been to a movie in ages. He had been hoarding his June-bug money for a certain movie that he particularly wished to see. Finally he announced that he had earned 30¢, the price of admission, and he began counting the days until the movie would be in town.

The great day arrived at last. I had lined up the "movie party" and was inspecting faces, hands, necks, and clothing when I noticed that Billy was not in the group. I looked around and finally spotted him sitting quietly in a corner of the day room, playing checkers with another boy.

"Why, Billy! Aren't you going to the movie?" I asked.

Billy made a quick gesture toward a shy little fellow standing in the movie line—a newcomer who had been very homesick during the last few days. "I told him he could go in my place," Billy replied, and turned back to his checker game.

Opal E. Douthitt.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Object Matrimony

Some enchanted evening, the British bachelor or spinster may find a CIB card in the mailbox

A LONDONER who had been away from England for several years was delighted to bump into an old friend at Mass on his first Sunday home. He was even more delighted to meet his friend's pretty young wife and two bright-faced children.

"I remember how you said you'd never meet the right girl," he remarked. "And now look at you! What lucky chance brought you two together?"

"We give all the credit to CIB," was the friend's cryptic answer. "They helped coincidence along."

CIB, the Catholic Introductions bureau, has spent a dozen years giving the long arm of coincidence a vigorous wrench whenever it could. Its activities have bolstered British marriage statistics considerably.

The organization was founded in 1947 by a small group of Catholics who knew that only in fiction and films do perfect marriage partners regularly meet by chance. They also knew that British cities and towns were filled with scores of lonely young (and lonely not-so-young) Catholic men and women, eager to get married. Although such indi-

viduals often lived in the same districts, streets, or even apartment buildings, or passed each other daily in the street or the store, they had as much chance of meeting as two railroad trains running on parallel tracks.

Fortunately, the creators of the bureau did not share Dr. Samuel Johnson's opinion. "I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, without the parties having any choice in the matter," the great man once said, plainly talking off the record, since no chancellor on earth could ever



have imposed on him a wife he had not chosen himself.

Aware that to take a hand in molding lives is a grave responsibility, CIB went about its task with prudence. It defined its scope carefully. It was not to be a lonely-hearts club. Desire for friendship on the part of applicants was not enough. The bureau would not "arrange" marriages in the ordinary sense. What it aimed to do was to introduce to each other, with every possible safeguard, applicants declaring a sincere intention of making a Catholic marriage.

Thus far, CIB has brought about 500 known marriages, probably many more. Happy couples often neglect to inform the bureau that their "how-do-you-do's" were followed by "I do's."

The bureau started in London, with the encouragement and blessing of the late Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster. Its operations are now nationwide. The British hierarchy gave permission for the bureau to publicize its work.

"Obviously, the need for CIB is much greater in some dioceses than in others," explains an official. "There are still places in rural Britain where a Catholic, living alone, can feel as much of a freak as a cow with five legs."

The bureau uses the Catholic press exclusively to tell about its work. Its first announcements brought such a flood of applications that a full-time secretary and a clerical staff had to be hired. CIB does

not need a license to operate under British law. It has articles of association like any other company. Once a year it submits its non-profit-making accounts to the British Board of Trade.

The government branch that CIB really keeps busy is the postal service. All its work is done through the mails. Getting a membership card is no quick-and-easy matter. Applicants are required to complete comprehensive questionnaires. They tell all about their backgrounds, interests, and ambitions.

Each applicant must sign a declaration that he is a practicing Catholic and is free to marry in the eyes of the Church. Once this application is approved by the committee, a form suggesting an introduction to another approved applicant must be filled in and a photograph must be attached.

The bureau then arranges the introduction. No names are disclosed until the introduction cards are accepted by both parties. The bureau never divulges addresses. When applicants meet at CIB headquarters or at a prearranged location, they may exchange such information.

What kind of people apply? "The kind of people one meets everywhere, every day," answers a committee member. "Manual workers, clerks, accountants, business executives, professional people of all sorts."

Occasionally, applicants with physical defects or with special prob-

lems come to the bureau, hoping that through the bond of a mutual faith they may meet sympathy and understanding and achieve happy marriage. They receive extra attention from CIB members.

"You might classify our applicants into the well-balanced, the highly strung, and the sensitive," says the committeeman. "Sensitive not meaning odd, of course. We do get a few unbalanced persons—very few. It would be strange if we didn't occasionally attract some of this type, but I don't think they ever get past us. Nearly always they can be detected by the preliminary questionnaire."

The "matching process" calls for great care. Applicants are assessed on background, education, and occupation. An applicant's own appraisal of his temperament is often revealing. Height matters: CIB tries to avoid Mutt-and-Jeff pairings. As to age, it is usually assumed that the woman should be younger than the man. A ten years' difference is the usual limit.

Information given in apparent good faith is accepted by the bureau. Applicants have to satisfy themselves about the integrity of their opposite members. The bureau nevertheless reserves the right to seek references if there is any reason to question the integrity or the moral, temperamental, or even physical suitability of applicants.

Once the introductory cards are sent out and the man and the woman agree that they would like to meet,

the bureau introduces them and steps out of the picture.

"Of course, if they don't like each other upon meeting, we tell them not to get upset," comments the official. "We advise them to be perfectly frank with each other if they sense they haven't enough in common to go further. Naturally, we hope that they will use tact and consideration."

Sometimes an introduction has unexpected results. For example, an applicant may decide to marry someone else in the family he has just met.

"From the first night that George came to the house, he had an eye for my sister Elsie, who was blonde," wrote one applicant. "He said he always had liked blondes. Well, he married her, and now he knows that she bleaches her hair. We're twins, and she is as much a brunette as I am." CIB found Elsie's twin a mate who preferred brunettes.

About one in every ten CIB introductions winds up at the altar. No attempt has been made to estimate the average time involved.

"We don't offer a coin-in-the-slot service," says an official. "We don't hand out introductions haphazardly for the benefit of those wanting quick results. Quite a few applicants cannot be offered an introduction right away, because of age or other circumstances. Those willing to hang on won't be overlooked."

One young woman waited for two years, meanwhile embroidering enough linens to fill three hope

chests. She was about to give away their contents when the magic card came from CIB. She was a bride within a month.

The bureau never follows up a marriage, thinking that an unwarrantable intrusion. "We're just a means to an end, and we don't think people who have been married with the bureau's aid want to be reminded of the fact," a member says. "Since our early dealings with couples are all on the quiet, there is no reason why we should start trumpeting our achievements once they are wed."

The organization's biggest problem is money. The CIB is self-supporting; it depends entirely on the small subscription fees.

"Some people think all we have to pay for is stamps," says an official, "but besides postage, we have telephones, stationery, and office rent. The biggest bill is our publicity bill. We have to keep our name and our work before the public."

Recently, CIB has been receiving inquiries from applicants in other countries.

"This is flattering, but puts a difficult burden on us if the person wishes to register," says a member. "There is seldom much chance of helping someone not living in England, though if persons happen to come here, if only for a few months, we're ready to seek introductions for them. But we would much rather advise Church authorities in other countries how to set up a bureau along our lines than have a flood of

overseas applications on our desk."

To critics who maintain that every man should be able to find a wife for himself, and if not, that any decent marriage bureau would serve the purpose, CIB has this answer: "It is not just the shy and diffident who apply to us, but men and women who represent a wide range of humanity. And what they seek is what we stress: a marriage based on a belief in its indissolubility and on a shared faith."

Parish clergy have hailed the work of CIB. "It is the kind of Catholic action that brings results," says a London priest. "In rural Suffolk, for example, Catholics are rare, and the chance of suitable Catholic partners meeting is infinitesimal."

Some years ago, during a national pilgrimage to the ancient shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, a hefty young man trod by accident on a young woman's toe during the procession. He apologized, met her again in the tea tent, and married her within a year.

"A bit of luck for me," he told friends later. "It was the first time anybody had spoken a word to me, outside work, for about six weeks."

As first moves towards a happy marriage go, the CIB may be said to provide a far less embarrassing way than that. The preludes to matrimony are, of course, rarely revealed to the bureau by its clients, who usually are too busy with wedding plans to make detailed reports. Occasionally, however, an applicant, happily

admiring her new wedding ring, will let slip a glimpse of how the introduction got off the ground.

"When he called me, I thought it was one of my boss's clients and turned down his invitation," confessed one new bride. "But, thank goodness, he called back. He said he wanted to meet a girl who could be so pleasantly unpleasant."

A Catholic artist admitted that he almost lost out when he and his *CIB* date went to a gallery showing on their first evening out.

"Look at that hideous still life," the artist said, wincing. "They should have hung the artist with it. Who do you suppose is responsible for that?"

"Me," said the girl.

"I had completely forgotten that you *CIB* experts had matched me up with a girl who was art-minded," said the suitor. "It certainly got us off to a lively start. That picture hangs in our living room now to remind us that we can't expect we'll always agree."



IN OUR HOUSE

It was three-year-old Clare's first trip to the zoo, and she was absolutely fascinated by everything, especially the zebras. She walked away from her parents to the side of the cage and looked at the striped animals from that vantage point. Then she went to the back of the cage for a rear view. All this was done in puzzled and thoughtful silence.

Suddenly, a great light seemed to break over her face. She ran toward her parents. "I know, I know," she announced triumphantly. "Those horses have got on slip covers!"

M. L. Ryan.



Peter, our four-year-old, was hugely intrigued by his new baby sister. His father had to be constantly warning him not to touch the baby. One hot afternoon, after many such warnings, my husband reached his saturation point. "Peter," he roared, "I've told you and told you not to touch the baby!"

Peter looked up and asked innocently, "Why, Daddy? Does she bite?"

Mrs. Donald Keegan.



Our seven-year-old son had won a prize in a coloring contest. He had also been given a medal for saving a dog, and on top of that, in the same week he got the leading part in the school play.

As he came in from school he told us that several of the second-grade girls had made a fuss over him. Then, sighing, he observed, "Two of those girls want to marry me, so I think I'll just have to have one as my wife, and the other as a slave."

Marguerite Clarke.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

By Francis Sugrue
Condensed from the New York
"Herald Tribune"*

The Bishop Sheen Story (II)

*He has made TV audiences
conscious of a neglected word*



EVERY NOW AND THEN a newspaper or magazine writer will telephone Bishop Fulton J. Sheen to ask if he is giving instructions in the Catholic faith to any "important" persons. He invariably answers, "What do you mean? They are *all* important."

The public never forgets that he was responsible for the conversion of many celebrities, but he insists that there is no scale of importance among converts to the Church. He likes to quote G. K. Chesterton: "You will have to be more than a humanist to realize that the person who sits opposite to you in the subway is just as important as a Hildebrand or a Shakespeare."

How many converts has he made since his ordination? He has no idea, and won't even try to guess. He thinks that whatever gift he has in that way might be taken from him if he credited himself with the conversions. The late Pope Pius XII, not long before his death, asked Bishop Sheen, "How many converts

have you?" He answered, "I never count them, lest I should believe that I made them instead of the good Lord."

He accepts anyone who comes to him for instructions in the faith if the person seeking him out shows a sincere concern about his soul. His converts include many Jews, a Moslem, and several Protestant clergymen. At one time he conducted convert classes in both New York and Washington. He ran an advertisement in the Washington papers: "Anyone interested in knowing the truth about the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, the Church, and the moral life, write to [a given address]." His classes grew so large, with 300 to 400 at each meeting, that he had to hold them at various times in a church, a rented hall, and a hotel auditorium.

The convert work still goes on today, but on an individual basis only.

*230 W. 41st St., New York City 36. March 2-13, 1959. © 1959 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Men and women come, three or four a day, to Bishop Sheen's E. 38th St. residence in New York City. He has a secretary who does nothing but take care of converts. Since the bishop is now so busy with other duties, those who come listen first to about 20 hours of taped instructions. They then get five or ten hours of personal instruction. The bishop tells all who come that they are making no commitments, and may walk out at any time.

Bishop Sheen is not a bit bashful about asking, "Would you like to take instructions?" He always has the question unwrapped and ready for anyone who sits beside him on a plane or a train, or waits on him in a store, or meets him on the street.

It was this direct approach that caused the great violinist Fritz Kreisler and his wife to join the Church. Bishop Sheen was leaving the apartment of a friend whose wife had died. The friend pointed to a door across the hall and said, "That's Fritz Kreisler's apartment." Without further ado, Bishop Sheen rang the doorbell and introduced himself. Kreisler asked him to come in. After an exchange of pleasantries, Bishop Sheen asked, "Would you like to take instructions?" A few months later Mr. and Mrs. Kreisler were Catholics.

"Fritz Kreisler is not only the world's greatest violinist," Bishop Sheen says, "he is also a learned man. We've had many interesting conversations. I visit him every few weeks,

because he lives in the River apartments and I play tennis at the River club. When I finish playing, I go up and talk with him."

One day a woman selling cookies in a store gave Bishop Sheen an offering for the foreign missions. He assumed that she was a Catholic. When he found that she was not, he immediately asked his favorite question. At first, she politely declined to take instructions. But four months ago she came in for her first lesson.

THE DIRECT APPROACH was especially effective with journalist Heywood Broun, who became a Catholic in 1939. Broun's conversion was a great shock to some of his friends, because he had been highly critical of Fulton Sheen and even of the Church in his newspaper column.

Bishop Sheen recalls, "I phoned Broun, and said, 'Mr. Broun, I would like to see you.' He said, 'What about?' I said, 'Your soul.' He said, 'When?' I said, 'Next Friday,' He said, 'What time?' I said, 'Five.' He said, 'All right.'

"We met in a midtown hotel. He told me that he had great admiration for the Church for several reasons. One was that he thought it the only moral authority left in the world.

"Later I began instructing Broun. Somebody had accurately described him as looking like an unmade bed. But I never met anyone else who loved humanity as he did. He loved any man simply because he was a man. Our Lord had a human nature as

well as a divine nature. Broun revealed to me the human nature of Christ.

"I gave him First Communion. He was the first person confirmed by Cardinal Spellman when he came to New York as archbishop. Not long after that, Heywood died. I preached his funeral sermon at St. Patrick's cathedral."

Henry Ford II, grandson of Henry Ford, was a 23-year-old senior at Yale when he joined the Church in 1940, after receiving instructions from Bishop (then Monsignor) Sheen. Ford married a Catholic girl, Anne McDonnell. Of his conversion Bishop Sheen says, "The inspiration was certainly Miss McDonnell; but it must be remembered that young Henry was already a religious man in his own way.

"While he was taking instructions, he came down from New Haven one day with the rear seat of his car covered with mail. He was a bit disturbed. Everybody was telling him what a terrible thing he was going to do.

"I said, 'Henry, did any of those people tell you how you could get closer to God? Did any of them tell you that they had a better way to sanctify your soul? How you could live in greater communion with Christ?'

"He immediately saw that all the advice he had received was negative. No one was interested in making

him better. They were interested only in depriving him of something he thought was good."

THE RETURN to the Church of Louis Budenz in 1945 was a front-page story. When Budenz renounced communism, the masthead of the *Daily Worker*, now defunct newspaper of the Communist party in New York, still had him listed as managing editor.

His return had really begun many years before. Budenz had written a series of articles attacking Monsignor Sheen. In reply, Monsignor Sheen wrote a pamphlet. After it was published, he telephoned Budenz.

"I invited him to dinner," Bishop Sheen recalls. "I said, 'You name the restaurant and I will pay the bill.'

"He named the Com-
modore. (I was interested

in seeing whether or not a communist would choose a proletarian restaurant.)

"During the dinner, Budenz said, 'I'll tell you why we don't like you. You refuse to believe that communism is a democracy.' And I said, 'Well, how can communism be a democracy in the light of the communist Constitution? But I'm not going to talk about communism: I want to tell you about yourself.'

"Budenz said, 'You don't know anything about me.' I said, 'You'd be surprised how much I know about



you. You were an altar boy in Indianapolis.' And for an hour and a half I talked to him about his soul.

"That was the end of the meeting. Years passed. Then he wrote and said that he wanted to see me. I answered, 'If you want to see me about communism, I'm not interested. If you want to see me about a soul, I am interested.' We met. He told me, 'I am willing to come back to the Church even if I have to crawl on my hands and knees.'"

One month before Louis Budenz came back to the Church, a famous woman who unknowingly was on the road to Catholicism was reaching the last depths of disillusionment and despair. She was the worldly-wise, sophisticated Clare Boothe Luce, editor, playwright, Congresswoman. She later recalled that she had had hardly any feeling for religion as she grew up, and her education through the years had emptied her head "of all religious dogmas and filled it with a score of secular dogmas."

Mrs. Luce's only child, Ann Clare Brokaw, a daughter by her first marriage, was killed in an auto accident on Jan. 11, 1944. Clare tried to assuage her anguish by throwing herself into war work, but found there also only the chill of death.

One night in September, 1945, in her room in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, she underwent a nightmare of hopelessness. "If my despair seemed in any second bearable, in that hour the world's did

not," she said. "And if the world's did, mine instantly became unbearable."

She knelt to say the only prayer she knew, the Lord's Prayer. When she was on her feet again she noticed an unopened letter from Father Edward Wiatrak, a Jesuit who had first written to her several years before about a speech she had made concerning Chinese war orphans. Although it was 2 A.M., she telephoned Father Wiatrak. He said he had been waiting and praying for the call. "You must see Msgr. Fulton Sheen," he told her. "I will call him."

Monsignor Sheen invited Mrs. Luce to dinner in Washington. After dinner he said, "Now I'll tell you how we will discuss it. We'll make it orderly. I shall talk a few minutes about some elements in religion. At the end of 15 minutes you can have the floor for two hours. But I want 15 minutes uninterrupted."

After he had been talking five minutes, he mentioned the goodness of God. Clare bounded from her chair, stuck a finger under his nose, and cried, "Listen, if God is good, why did He take my daughter?" He answered, "In order that He might give you a greater blessing of drawing you to Himself, a process which is beginning right now."

About a year and a half of soul searching was to pass before Mrs. Luce came into the Church. Of Bishop Sheen as an instructor she has said, "I never knew a teacher who could be at once so patient and so

unyielding, so poetical and so practical, so inventive and so orthodox. Rumor to the contrary, there is nothing particularly hypnotic about him. What 'hypnotizes' his converts is the sudden and unfamiliar sight of truth and love and the eternal which his instructions open up to them. I have often been asked, 'Would you have become a Catholic if you had not had Bishop Sheen to give you instructions?' My answer is 'Of course.'

MONSIGNOR SHEEN was in Germany in 1951, speaking to American soldiers, when it was announced that Pope Pius XII had appointed him titular Bishop of Caesariana, and Auxiliary Bishop to Cardinal Spellman of New York. He was consecrated on June 11 in Rome, in the Church of Sts. John and Paul.

After the consecration Pope Pius received the new bishop in a long private audience. (Until the late Pontiff died, he saw Bishop Sheen once a year for a half-hour audience.)

Within a year after he became a bishop, Fulton Sheen was a nationally known television personality, the sole attraction of his own program, competing for an audience with Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra.

What brought him into TV? The realization that by that means he could reach more people in half an hour than St. Paul reached in all his missionary journeys. Christ had ad-

vised his Apostles to "preach from the housetops." Bishop Sheen thinks that the injunction means that one should always use the most effective available means for getting the message across.

He first walked before the cameras at the Adelphi theater in New York on a February night in 1952. His first program went out over three stations, in New York, Chicago, and Washington. His setting was a study created by Jo Mielziner, famous stage designer, a convert and a friend of the bishop's. His props were a piece of chalk and a blackboard. He was to speak on spiritual matters for half an hour, without gimmicks, without a choir or any other extra entertainment. TV officialdom had said nobody could bring it off.

But the man before the camera that night was more than a skilled composer of sermons. He moved about with confidence and grace. His words became like a troupe of actors filling the stage. And he made his listeners feel intelligent.

The first program brought 250 congratulatory telephone calls and 3,000 letters within a week. More and more stations added the program. At one time more than 100 carried it, with an audience of 15 million to 20 million. One day the mail totaled 30,000 letters. Many were from non-Catholics.

The professional critics liked him, too. "As an inspirational spellbinder," wrote one of them, "there hasn't been anyone around like the bishop,

at least not during my lifetime."

Viewers who had never heard Fulton Sheen on radio were astonished by his sense of the dramatic possibilities of the spoken word. Near the end of one program he paused suddenly, then continued, "We come now to a point where we must use a certain word which tells why we are human. It is a word hardly ever heard over the radio or on television. It is not a particularly nasty word, though I grant there are some squeamish persons who may shrink from the sound of it.

"It should not be offensive to the ear, but in deference to those who are unduly sensitive, we have postponed using it to the very end of this program. This will give you an opportunity to shut off your machine when I mention it; it will also be a warning to all television engineers throughout the country to have their hands on the dials.

"Grandfathers who have seen the rise and fall of kingdoms may listen; children will be given a three-second pause to leave the room lest we be accused of contributing to juvenile delinquency.

"Get close to your machines, those of you who are callous, unafraid, and not easily scandalized. Are you ready?

"Do you know why you are human? Because you have a *soul*."

When he decided to go on TV, Bishop Sheen kept reminding himself that he would be talking to all America: to Protestants, Jews, agnos-

tics; to anyone who cared to listen out of either curiosity or hostility. He resolved that he would always start with a common denominator, and work up the ladder toward a spiritual truth.

A weekly magazine once sent three men to the studio to hide behind the stage and find out what kind of prompting device he was using during his lectures. They couldn't believe he could deliver such a talk without even a scrap of paper. But there was no trick. He spent at least 30 hours preparing each program. He would write and tear up a dozen outlines. He would give his talk once in French to a Frenchman, and once in Italian to an Italian. The night before the program he would deliver it in English to a group of nuns.

Eventually, the Admiral Corp. became the sponsor of Bishop Sheen's program. All the proceeds went to the organization of which the bishop is national director, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The money was used for hospitals, leper colonies, orphanages, homes for the aged, and other charitable work in all parts of the world. Ninety per cent of those who benefited were non-Christian.

Two years ago, Bishop Sheen temporarily dropped his TV program. The show was becoming a heavy burden in addition to the heavy work of his office. In November, 1957, he had an attack of pneumonia. There was also a spiritual reason for his

decision; he remarked, "One must occasionally retire from the lights of television to the shadows of the cross, where the soul is refreshed and strengthened."

He came back to TV last spring. His present programs are filmed on video tape, and are distributed to stations by the National Telefilm Associates, Inc.

MY FUNCTION in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is that of a beggar," Bishop Sheen says. "My duties are administrative and promotional, and include holding a tin cup."

The society has 134 offices in the U. S. It has national directors in other parts of the world. The duty of all of them is to help the missions.

Thousands of letters are delivered each month to Bishop Sheen's office at society headquarters, 366 5th Ave., New York City. One day a letter arrived that made the girls in the office cry.

A \$20 bill was folded into the letter. It came from a young lady who had been saving dimes, waiting for her boy friend to propose so that she could buy a wedding dress.

"But he hasn't yet," she said, "and although he keeps my hopes high, he may not. If he does, I shall rent a gown." There was a P.S. "Please pray that he does ask me."

Bishop Sheen once received a

check for \$150,000 for the missions. He called the bank to see if the check was good. It was. He then went to the city from which it had been mailed and looked up the donor. She turned out to be a 21-year-old girl.

She told him, "I have just become a convert. In gratitude for the gift of faith I wanted to give away my inheritance, so that people in the rest of the world would have the same blessings I have."

"What have you left for yourself?"

"Nothing."

"How are you going to live?"

"I'm going to be a nurse."

That was five years ago. The girl became a nun about nine months ago. Bishop Sheen preached at her clothing in the habit of her Order.

Her check was the only really large gift he has ever received for the missions. He has found that the work is supported almost entirely by the poor.

BISHOP SHEEN was once told (probably by a cook who had prepared her special dishes for him) that he didn't eat food; he merely spoiled it. He admits that if it weren't for the necessity of being sociable and avoiding the label of an eccentric he would take his meals alone and dispose of them in ten minutes.

Many of his fans, who see him as



a vivacious personality, would be surprised to learn that he leads an almost ascetic life, spends most of his free hours working in his study, neither smokes nor drinks, never sees a play or a movie, never reads a popular novel, and seldom goes out for a social evening. He hasn't had a real vacation in years; in fact, rarely since the day of his birth 64 years ago in El Paso, Ill.*

One winter his insistence on hard work put him into St. Clare's hospital with a high fever. The doctors did the insisting now; they said he would have to go to a warmer climate.

So he went down to Florida—for two days.

He does play tennis for an hour or two each week with Freddy Botur, tennis pro at the River club on the upper East Side. Mr. Botur says the bishop is an excellent player for a man his age.

A few years ago Fritz Kreisler suggested that Bishop Sheen should get a little diversion for his mind by playing the organ. The bishop enjoys music, but had no musical education; he could not read music. But he took several lessons and then bought himself an organ. Now he plays it for his own amusement. "I certainly would not play it for anyone else's amusement," he says.

He recently ordered a new automobile: a Checker cab. Of course, it has no meter — and no checkers,

*Not Texas, as stated a month ago.

either; it is painted black. He explains that outside of luxury cars, taxicabs are the only autos in which one can climb into the back seat without being an acrobat or a pretzel. He has facetiously suggested that it might be a good idea to retain the cab light on the roof, and have it read: "Sacrifice for the poor of the world."

He lives with Msgr. Edward O'Meara and Father Joseph Havey, two members of his staff at the society. Bishop Sheen is up every day at 5:30, after what is supposed to be seven hours' sleep. He is not always able to sleep, and will turn on the light and read. From 6:20 until 8:20 he is in the chapel, celebrating Mass and reading his breviary. He breakfasts at 8:30, and then begins the day's work.

He has 48 books to his credit, but hasn't any idea how many copies have been sold; it is always the next book that concerns him. He thinks that his best book is his *Life of Christ*, which came out in October, 1958.

Audiences have been applauding Fulton Sheen's brilliance and eloquence for nearly a quarter of a century, but he has consistently distrusted praise as a dangerous thing. He won't even read articles about himself. "As long as one keeps his mind and heart on his own failings," he has said, "he sees a tremendous disproportion between the praise and what he actually is."

Have Gun, Will Draw

The fast-draw craze has produced imitation gunmen who get off six shots a second

THE NEWEST national craze is the fast draw. While most U. S. firearms manufacturers are still suffering from the recent recession and a flood of imported guns, six-gun manufacturers are working around the clock. They thank their lucky stars for television.

William Ruger was the man who had the foresight to recognize that TV Westerns like *Have Gun, Will Travel* and *Gunslinger* would create an interest in six-shooters. He backed up his hunch by marketing the "Single Six," a revolver copied from the famous old Colt single-action handgun. The result was fantastic. Ruger's sales hit the highest peak in the history of the handgun market and they are still rising.

Sturm-Ruger recently built a new factory and paid for it in cash. Colt was caught off balance, and it was several months before it brought out a copy of its now historic gun, the "Frontier Scout." Then High Standard got on the band wagon with their "Double Nine." All three companies are doing well.



It's not just the youngsters who want to outdraw and outshoot the TV villain. Pop is right in there, too, and he's the guy who has pushed the fast-draw craze into a national sport. There are now more than 400 clubs, with charters, weekly meetings, competitive shootouts, and carefully worked out safety rules.

Edward Nolan, sales manager for Sturm-Ruger, is an avid fast-draw enthusiast. He attends a weekly session where a banker, a college professor, a commercial photographer, and the owner of a trucking firm

gather to discuss guns and the quick draw. They go at it quite seriously, too, with guns strapped to their waists in the best Western tradition. Nolan points out that fast-draw fans never try to outdraw one another in a show-down session. They draw against the clock, rating their individual speed by an electric timing device.

The fans usually start off with blank cartridges and work their way up to firing wax bullets at wooden-man targets. Their goal is to get off six shots with great speed, all of the bullets hitting target.

The single-action gun is fired by either fanning, thumbing, or slipshooting. In fanning, the trigger is tied back, and the gun is fired by fanning the hammer with the edge of the hand. Thumbing is using the thumb to cock the hammer; the gun is fired by pulling the trigger. In slipshooting, the trigger is removed and the hammer is rounded (or sometimes shortened) so that the gun fires when the hammer is released from the cocked position.

One fast-draw enthusiast told me, "It's the element of safety in gun handling that impresses me. After a few months of this sport, I knew more about the innards of a gun and ammunition than I learned in all my years of hunting with shoulder arms."

The fast-draw records fall so often that by the time you read this article, some of the facts may have

changed. Sherman Walker of Denver, Colo., claims the international championship in fast-draw competition. He won the title at a contest sponsored by the Jefferson County (Colo.) Sheriff's Posse.

San Francisco's David Allen, who has a TV show called *Deputy Dave's Roundup*, says the champion is Frank Kapica, a foundry worker from San Francisco. Allen got Kapica to draw and fire a .44 six-shooter while a movie camera recorded the action at a speed of 24 frames (24 separate film exposures) per second. Kapica fired all six shots within the 24 frames—six shots in one second.

Dale Dobson, a machinist, using the fanning style, breaks leather and fires in one-third of a second. Dick Nelson, who thumbs the hammer, draws and shoots in two-fifths of a second. Jack Wiggins of San Mateo may be ready to take the champ by drawing, and shooting a balloon, in 22/100 of a second.

A quick-draw sweepstakes is held annually in Central City, Colo. Called the International Gunslinger's Sweepstakes, it is a three-shot competition with the gunmen firing blank ammunition from three different "draw" positions against an electric timer.

Business is booming; clubs are growing; the fast draw is getting even faster. If Billy the Kid had to face the slick shooters of today he would probably come off second best.



Milwaukee: City With Heart

She says "Welcome" to all men of good will, and has proved that she means it

HIGH ON THE TOWER of Milwaukee's cathedral-like city hall blazes nightly the word *Welcome*. Usually some event, gathering, or slogan appears beneath it, according to the occasion. The electric sign proclaims to the world the city's greatest glory: her hospitality. This claim is no empty one, as you will see.

The city is the nation's 13th largest, with a population of 722,000 living in an area of 80.2 square miles; the metropolitan area takes in all of Milwaukee county, with a million population.

Three navigable rivers, the Milwaukee, Menomonee, and Kinnickinnic, run through the city. Their waters run beneath no fewer than 200 bridges.

Among the first things a visitor downtown is likely to notice are the bridges spanning the Milwaukee river. They all extend more or less diagonally from shore to shore—as if separate settlements had been laid out on each bank with no regard for possible future unification. That is exactly what happened.

French-Canadian Solomon Juneau was an agent of Astor's American Fur Co. Although not the first white

man on the site (that honor probably goes to the Jesuit missionary Jacques Marquette and companions, in 1674), Juneau is recognized as founder of the city.

Juneau began his settlement in the early 1820's. When an Indian



treaty was signed at Chicago in 1833, it signaled an influx of white settlers. Among them was a Connecticut-born surveyor and promoter named Byron Kilbourn, who laid out Kilbourn town across the river from Juneau town. Kilbourn deliberately platted his streets so that none would align with any in Juneau town.

Milwaukee today is governed by a common council made up of 20 members, one each from 20 wards, with a mayor and council president. Present mayor is Frank P. Zeidler and council president is Martin E. Schreiber. As traditional in Milwaukee since 1910, the mayor is nominally a Socialist, but residents are quick to point out that the traction company and other utilities are and always have been privately owned. Half a century ago the citizens terminated a corruption era by rejecting both major parties and voting in Socialist Emil Seidel as mayor.

Milwaukeeans, of course, regarded the Prohibition amendment as utter folly, and paid it little mind. For the world's leader in beer production, repeal marked resumption of an era of prosperity—and personal freedom—and touched off a celebration comparable only to that accorded the Braves when they won the World Series. Prohibition left marks on Milwaukee, though: one was in the design of a skyscraper, the Gas Co. building, which had to be built around a padlocked shack.

Beer is only one product with which Milwaukee leads the world.

The city is also the biggest veal-packing center and greatest barley market. It is the nation's third largest consumer of steel, and leads the world in manufacture of diesel and gasoline engines, outboard motors, tractors, wheelbarrows, and padlocks. However, Milwaukee's primary industry is heavy metal work, and it ranks 8th in industrial production in the nation.

A former resident returning after a quarter of a century would find many things the same as he left them, some things changed, and an air of expectancy hanging over the community. He would smile to see that people still rush to cross a bridge before it opens, and then wait on the far side to watch the boat go through. He would be returning to a town where, at the lake front, all traffic is halted each spring while a duck leads a procession of ducklings across Lincoln memorial drive.

He would come back to a city where an adventitious flower can bloom in a footpath in Whitnall park and never be stepped on. He would remember the sea gulls diving as of yore and hear the same old foghorns. He would see again the perch fishermen on the piers, and sails and speedboats on the bay, and freighters trailing banners of smoke farther out beyond the breakwater, and nets hanging out to dry.

He would find the auditorium (which William George Bruce used to call a monument to his father's cow, because she mired in a swamp

there) doubled in size, to two square blocks. Milwaukee's popularity as a convention center dates back to the days of the Potawatomis, who called the place Mahnawauke-Seepe, or the Gathering Place by the Waters. Here the Indians held their councils and competed in foot races, wrestling, and lacrosse.

Opening of the St. Lawrence seaway has made Milwaukeeans' spirits soar. The confluence of the city's three rivers makes one of the finest natural harbors on the Great Lakes. Many millions of dollars have been spent on expanding dock facilities—built in the first place with the seaway in mind—and on harbor deepening and many million more are being spent.

Special civic ceremonies, including everything from escort, music, gifts, awards, to rose petals dropped on decks from helicopters and speeches of welcome, greet the first ship of each new ocean line to enter the harbor. Ocean sailings are numbered in hundreds a year.

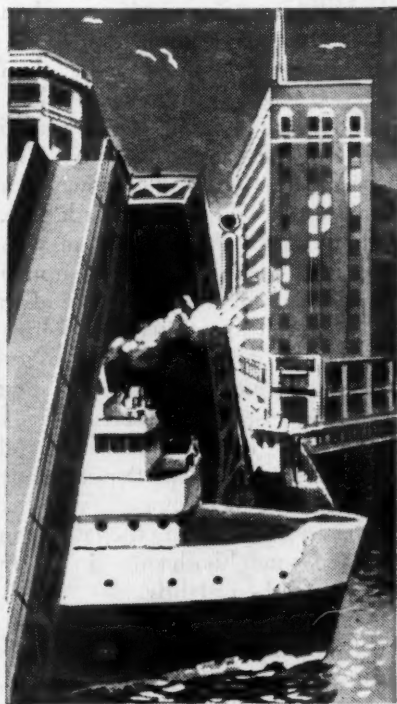
It is hard to find a word describing the people's attitude toward the Braves, *their* Braves. Even today the name is a fighting word. Games attendance has slipped a little, but it still sets records. When games are being played, housewives, office and shop workers, elevator operators keep their ears glued to radios. Inquirers evade the word *losing* when their darlings are having a bad time.

The coming of the Braves has been one of the big unifying influences in

the city; they are beloved by all; they put Milwaukee in the Big Time. While Red Schoendienst was in the hospital, his mail was measured in bushels.

Several of the ballplayers are Catholics. Hank Aaron, star outfielder, and his family entered the Church last spring. Their decision came after twins were born to them at the unsegregated St. Anthony hospital.

The Braves' stadium, which cost \$7 million, seats 44,000. In the fall,



Three navigable rivers run through Milwaukee.

the Green Bay Packers play many of their "home" football games there. Polo also has a large following in Milwaukee, and auto racing is a fast-growing sport. The park system is nationally known. The county has 92 parks and parkways covering 8,200 acres; 18 public and private golf courses; miles of wooded lake front and sandy beaches; a 22-acre zoo.

The city has its share of "suburban sprawl." It is said that every third day a farm of 115 acres falls to the bulldozers; since 1946 more than 200,000 people have settled in the rural-urban fringe on more than 150,000 acres. Realty men say there are signs that many people would like to come back to the city. The busiest street is not downtown, but Capitol drive on the far North Side.

For years, the population was largely German; indeed, the German imprint is indelible. It is found in the gingerbread architecture abounding in the downtown area; in restaurants which preserve an Old World atmosphere and serve *Wiener Schnitzel*, *Kassler Rippen*, and *Sauerbraten*; in shops that sell only sausages; in neat homes, whether elaborate estates along the lake or in workers' neighborhoods; in clean streets, washed nightly.

The first big drift of settlers into Milwaukee was made up of Yankees from New York and New England, who came with money. Along with them came many Irish, who had been residents of Eastern states for

as long as 20 years, and who soon assumed importance in Milwaukee civic affairs. Then came the Germans.

The Poles constitute the second largest element in Milwaukee's population. They have distinguished themselves for industry, thrift, and home ownership. Many have earned creditable representation in the professions. The language is by no means a dead language, and can be heard in sermons at some Masses in South Side churches.

Milwaukee Poles are especially proud of their basilica, St. Josaphat's, a Latin-cross structure with a transept and high central dome. The magnificent edifice, planned originally as a brick building, is constructed of stone from the old Chicago post office and court house, brought to Milwaukee on 500 flatcars. Hardly a stone was recut, and six granite columns present an imposing façade. The building is a treasure house of painting, sculpture, and stained glass.

Along with the Germans and Poles came Austrians, Russians, Italians, increasing numbers of Irish, Slovaks, Yugoslavians, Swiss, Scandinavians, and many others, including Negroes and Indians.

Back in pre-Civil War days the Irish made up a much larger proportion of the population than they do today. One of the city's great tragedies, the sinking of the excursion steamer *Lady Elgin*, in 1860 off Winnetka, Ill., set them back per-

manently to minority status. No fewer than 300 Milwaukeeans, mostly young Irish, were drowned, along with a long list of other passengers. Ever since, a Mass has been offered annually at St. John's cathedral for the victims.

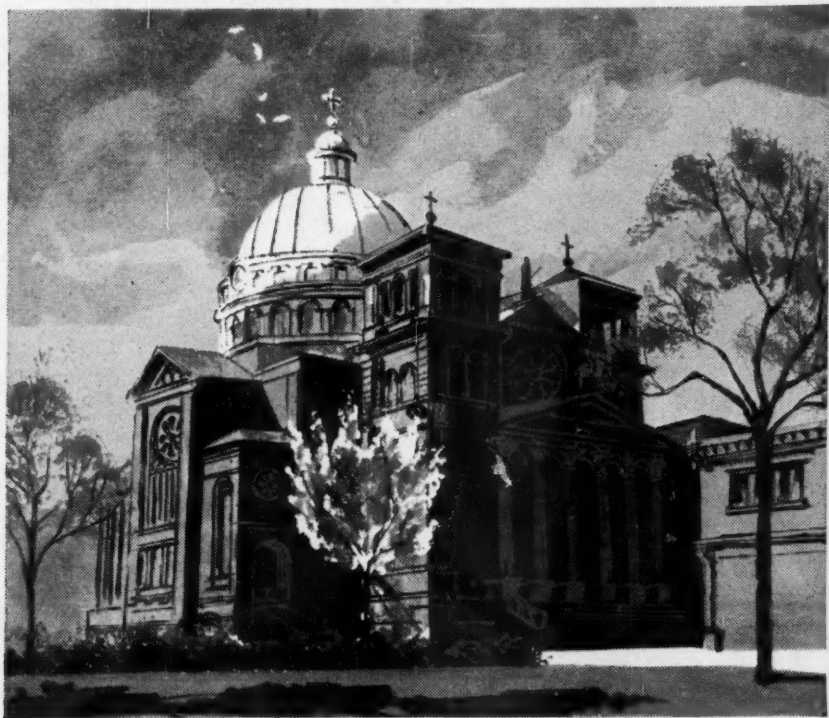
Growth of the Church in Milwaukee has paralleled that of the city at large, Catholics today constituting an estimated 40% of the population. Solomon Juneau donated the land for the first Catholic church in 1837, after Father Patrick O'Kelly was named first resident pastor. Previ-

ously, Mass was offered frequently in Juneau's home by visiting missionaries.

Father O'Kelly's chapel, St. Peter's, became, after the Milwaukee diocese was detached from Detroit, for nine years the only cathedral in the Northwest. As constituted in 1843, the new diocese took in all of Wisconsin and parts of Minnesota and Upper Michigan. The chapel now stands on the grounds of the St. Francis major seminary.

From these beginnings has come the present archdiocese with 567,440

Milwaukee Poles are proud of St. Josaphat's basilica.



Catholics (out of a total population of 1,700,000), served by 1,020 priests, 141 Brothers, and 4,551 Sisters; and with 250 parishes and 27 missions, 35 Catholic high schools and 209 elementary schools. Total number of students under Catholic instruction in the archdiocese is 148,646, of which number 12,610 are at college level, 6,484 in diocesan and parochial high schools, and 88,337 in elementary parochial schools. Archdiocesan superintendent of schools is Msgr. Edmund J. Goebel.

The largest project about to be started is the complete relocation of Cardinal Stritch college to a site in suburban Fox Point and Glendale. Largest project just completed is the training college for Sisters and convent of the School Sisters of Notre Dame at Mequon, 11 miles north of Milwaukee. The multiwing structure, on a 120-acre tract fronting Lake Michigan, replaces a 109-year-old motherhouse near the downtown area of Milwaukee.

Marquette university, too, is in the midst of a multimillion-dollar expansion program. This Jesuit institution has become the largest Catholic university in the U.S., with a total enrollment of over 10,000. To its presence in the city is attributed the fact of heavy representation of Catholics in the professions; half of Milwaukee's judges are Catholics.

The archdiocesan weekly, of which Msgr. Franklin J. Kennedy is editorial manager and Humphrey E. Desmond general manager, is the

Catholic Herald Citizen, the result of a merger of the *Catholic Citizen* and the former archdiocesan *Catholic Herald*.

Under Humphrey J. Desmond, the *Citizen* devoted itself to defeat of the church-tax movement; helped to end compulsory attendance of Catholic boys at Protestant services at the Waukesha boys' school; supported the Catholics of Edgerton, Wis., in their fight against the reading of the Protestant Bible in public schools and raised funds to get the case to the Supreme Court, where the practice was ruled unconstitutional.

Milwaukee has had enterprising bishops. Bishop (later Archbishop) John Henni laid the foundations of the new diocese, including the building of St. John's cathedral and a seminary. His successors called councils, coped with floods of Catholic immigration, brought in Religious Orders, extended charity, strengthened lay organizations, set up parishes and built schools and churches, supplied chaplains in wartime. When Archbishop Sebastian G. Messmer died in 1930, the oldest archbishop in the country, he was succeeded by the youngest, Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch.

Archbishop Stritch faced the great depression; he it was who coined the expression, "As long as there are two pennies in our hand, one belongs to the poor."

Archbishop Albert Meyer was the first Milwaukee-born prelate to serve the archdiocese. He further enlarged

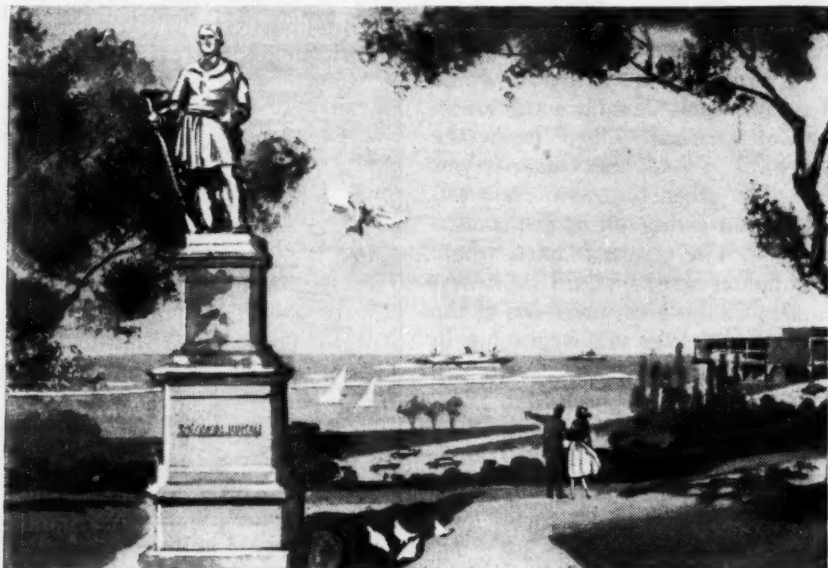
the seminary, established 17 new parishes, sponsored a state-wide religious census. Only recently was he sent to Chicago, to succeed the late Cardinal Stritch, who also had gone there from Milwaukee.

Archbishop William E. Cousins, of Peoria, succeeded Archbishop Meyer. One of his first public pronouncements was a comment on the friendly spirit he found in Milwaukee. The auxiliary bishop is the Most Rev. Roman R. Atkielski.

Milwaukeeans are proud, naturally, of the multitude of their own native sons and daughters who gained national and world-wide recognition, among them Brig. Gen. Billy Mitchell, Generals Arthur and

Douglas MacArthur, and a host of artists and professional people. But Milwaukee's most outstanding citizen was a man not yet well known to the citizens at large, a man named Stephen Eckert. He was born of Bavarian parents, "near Dublin," he used to say laughingly, adding after a pause, "in Ontario," in 1869, and died in Milwaukee in 1923. He was an humble Capuchin friar who spent himself on behalf of Negroes. His remains lie in the courtyard of the St. Benedict the Moor mission, at the foot of a statue of himself facing Milwaukee's Civic Center. He is revered by the Negroes he served so well, and the cause for his canonization was opened in 1952.

Solomon Juneau's statue overlooks the city he founded.



By Bem Price
Condensed from the Washington "Post"*

The Mystery of the 'Lady Be Good'

A search team tries to find out what happened to the crew of a U.S. bomber found in the Libyan desert after 16 years

Sixteen years after it disappeared on its first combat mission, a U.S. B-24 bomber was found last spring on the Libyan desert. The plane, though damaged, bore no battle scars. The bomb bays were empty, but the guns had not been fired. Water jugs and coffee flasks were in their places. After 16 years, Air Force investigators heated the coffee and found it good. The radio was still in working order. What had become of the men aboard that plane?

A SANDSTORM was beginning to boil over the Army Air Force base at Soluch, 28 miles south-southeast of Benghazi, Libya. Inside the B-24 called *Lady Be Good*, it was hot. The green nine-man crew was literally sweating out its first combat mission. The target: Naples, where the fighter screen would be heavy.

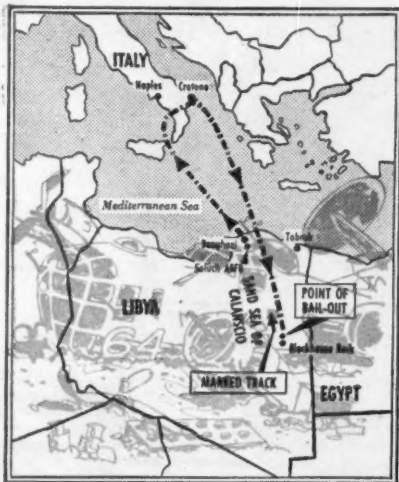
One of the great mysteries of the 2nd World War was beginning in the searing sand of the North African desert. The date: April 4, 1943.

As the *Lady* waited on the taxiway, newlywed 1st Lt. William J. Hatton of Whitestone, N.Y., ran over his pretake-off check list with

his copilot, 2nd Lt. Robert F. Tomer of North Attleboro, Mass. Everything was working well: A Section, 1st Flight, 376th Bomb Group, had begun to clear the runway at 1:30 P.M.

The *Lady* was assigned to B Section, 2nd element, 1st Flight. Hatton was to fly as No. 2 ship, which would put him on the wing of a first lieutenant named Feely.

As an air base, Soluch was a bad



*1515 L St., N.W., Washington 5, D.C. July 26, 1959. © 1959 by the Washington Post and Times Herald, and reprinted with permission.

joke: sand taxiways, sand main runway, marked off by two rows of stakes. The men lived in tents with the sand fleas.

Even without a dust storm, the four engines of the B-24's sucked sand into their filters and vital parts every time they turned over. Even before take-off this day, some of the engines were beginning to wheeze.

Of the nine men flying the *Lady*, seven were bachelors. Only Hatton and S/Sgt. Samuel R. Adams of Eureka, Ill., were married. And all, little more than a month before, had left the B-24 school at Morrison field, West Palm Beach, Fla., where a man could see his wife or girl and the sand was confined to the ocean beach.

And now they were at war, headed for Naples. The *Lady*, loaded with nine 500-pound bombs, lumbered off the ground and began her climb. Nine good men and a good ship were about to disappear.

More than ten hours later, at 11:50 P.M., 24 of the 25 attacking planes had been accounted for. Only 11 had reached Naples and dropped their bombs despite heavy flak. A flight report filed the next day cited sand-induced engine trouble as the reason 14 planes failed to reach the primary target.

Three planes landed at Malta with engine trouble. With one exception, the rest made it back to Soluch. Only Aircraft 65, Hatton's plane, failed to return.

The last time it was heard from

was 12:12 A.M., April 5, at a bearing of 330° over the Mediterranean. The message indicated no trouble then, according to the records. What happened?

For 16 years and one month, Aircraft 64 was believed to have been ditched in the Mediterranean. But in the first week of May, 1959, a team of British geologists searching for oil took a bead on Blockhouse Rock, the only visible landmark in miles and miles of nothing but Libyan desert.

Blockhouse Rock is a wind-scoured limestone pillar rising 20 feet above a limestone plateau, surrounded by a sea of sand in which the dunes sometimes drift as high as 600 ft. At 9 A.M. the temperature is 135°.

Nearby, the oil explorers came upon the broken remains of the *Lady Be Good*. They were 432 miles south-southeast of Benghazi.

The plane had no bombs aboard. The guns had not been fired. The *Lady* bore no combat scars. Her only damage had been inflicted in the crash. Sixteen years later, her radio crackled back to life after a little sand was blow away.

Loaded with bombs, a B-24 cruises at 165 miles per hour; at 175 empty. The ship has a maximum range of 1,600 miles plus a few minutes reserve fuel. The range is subject to reduction by head winds and extension by tail winds.

From Soluch to Naples is 1,500 miles round trip and the flying time

for a B-24 is roughly 9½ to ten hours. At the time Hatton was last reported, he had been in the air about 10½ hours. But where?

Maj. Paul J. Fallon, then a lieutenant, made the April 4 raid in A Section. He had known Hatton when they were in flying school together at Topeka.

"We had our flight timed to hit Naples just before dark, then to fly separately back to Soluch," Fallon recalls. "My section hit the target with our bombs, and all the aircraft in the section, including mine, were hit by anti-aircraft fire. We broke up and headed for Soluch. I think Hatton's plane never found the target.

"I flew at low altitude along the Italian west coast to avoid German JU88 fighters. I flew by Stromboli and Sicily and then took a dead-reckoning star course toward Benghazi.

"I knew I had to be close when we got back because all we had at Soluch was a low-power light beacon and a low-power homer-radio beacon, which we could home in on with our automatic direction finder. Unless we hit close to base, we couldn't pick up these signals.

"I got home OK. It was very dark, and if I had not been right on course and had not noticed the seacoast when I crossed it, I could easily have been out over the desert without knowing it. The coast, of course, was blacked out and very difficult to see. The desert looks just like the sea at night.

"I don't know what happened to Hatton, but it is reasonable to assume that he flew over the blacked-out coast without seeing it and kept on roughly south until he ran out of fuel. Remember, we had very little experience at that time."

In the archives of the Pentagon is a battle report by Captain Walsh, who piloted the lead plane of Hatton's section. Walsh said he reached a point near the island of Stromboli but could not go on to Naples because of engine trouble. He turned toward the secondary target, Crotona, in the instep of Italy's boot. Over Crotona, Walsh dropped his bombs in the general direction of a freighter. There was no anti-aircraft fire and no fighter opposition.

Lieutenant Feely, on whose wing Hatton was flying, reported that he flew up the Italian coast at 24,000 feet, but at 8:40 P.M. lost the supercharger on his No. 2 engine. Feely said that he jettisoned his bombs so that he could stay with the formation. Twenty minutes later Feely's No. 3 engine conked out, and he turned homeward.

The man flying No. 3 position was Lieutenant Wright. Hatton should have been between Wright and Feely. Wright's plane lost an engine at 9:08 P.M. and he dropped out. Near Africa he lost a second engine, but landed safely.

In neither report was the *Lady* mentioned. It was customary in those days to note the departure of other aircraft from formation for any

reason. The assumption is that the *Lady* was still flying and looking for a target in what was by then a dark, rainy night. Like Walsh, Hatton probably headed for Crotone, the secondary target.

What happened afterward is pure guesswork. Somewhere along the line Hatton's navigator, 2nd Lt. D. P. Hays, apparently became extremely nervous. When he started, Hays was smoking his cigarettes down to a nub. Later he was taking only a drag or two before putting his cigarette out and lighting another. (The ash tray at Hays' position had the short butts on the bottom, the longer ones on top.)

At 12:12 A.M., the last time he was heard from, Hatton was on a flight path which should have brought him close to home. But he missed the Soluch beacon and homer radio, not to mention the coastline.

There is no record that he sent a message that he was in trouble or lost.

The engines apparently began going out one by one. Somewhere about 18 miles north of Blockhouse Rock, the crew bailed out.

The men jumped light. They long since had stripped off their high-altitude flight gear and hung it on pegs. When they jumped, they left their water jugs and coffee flasks. And 16 years later, Air Force investigators heated the coffee from one of the jugs aboard the *Lady* and found it still good.

Veteran desert pilots think the plane was so thoroughly lost that the men thought they were going to land in water. Otherwise, they surmise, the crew would have taken water and some clothing.

The *Lady* flew another 18 miles or so from the bail-out point before she crashed. When the men landed, they could have had no idea where they were. Why Hatton didn't use his radio to tell Benina, or Soluch, or Benghazi, or somebody that he was going down, no one will ever know.

As soon as the remains of the *Lady* were discovered, the Air Force dispatched an investigating team from Wiesbaden, Germany. One investigator, Wesley A. Neep of Seattle, Wash., a civilian, says, "After a systematic search, we found a pair of flight boots 18 miles north of the crash site. Then we found a track made by five heavy vehicles on a heading of 342° toward Benghazi. They had been made by Italian vehicles which crossed the desert earlier in the war, probably in 1941 or 1942.

"It was natural for the airmen to head toward the sea. When they found these tracks, they followed them. So we followed the tracks and found their other markers—strips of parachute weighted by stones. Each was placed as a marker pointing north. These markers continued for 50 miles.

"The five or six parachutes we identified indicated that a majority

of the men got together after bailing out. Two and four-tenths miles beyond the last marker, we hit cross tracks caused by 80 vehicles. We continued along the cross trail until it hit sand dunes.

"Hatton's men had no water. Maybe they had food tablets. They could have fashioned headgear from parachute strips. Once a man loses his reasoning in the desert, he'll probably go in circles."

A man without headcover in the Libyan desert is doomed within a

couple of hours after the sun rises. Capt. James M. Paule, an Air Force medical officer on the search team, estimated that even with some makeshift headgear and with water, a man could last no more than a couple of days.

There was no enemy in the area in 1943. That rules out the possibility that the men became prisoners.

The men, and all evidence of them, vanished on the edge of the Sand Sea of Calanscio, a place even the nomads avoid as cursed by Allah.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

Sister Elizabeth, an elderly Sister in our Community, likes to tell about the hot summer day long ago when she was first introduced to a great American institution.

She had just finished convent training, and was on a train en route to her first mission. As the day wore on and temperatures rose, vendors came through the stuffy cars with cooling refreshments.

Now, while Sister Elizabeth had been busy becoming a nun, some genius had emancipated ice cream from dishes by inventing the ice-cream cone. Although Sister had never seen a cone before, she immediately bought one. But once she had it in her hand, she was at a loss as to what to do with it. The man had forgotten to give her a spoon!

She resigned herself to waiting until he returned, but the ice cream was unwilling to wait. Poor Sister soon found herself at the mercy of a dripping cone.

Across the aisle, a shy, kindly gentleman watched her with growing agony of mind. He was vainly searching for a proper way to say, "Sister, get busy and lick!"

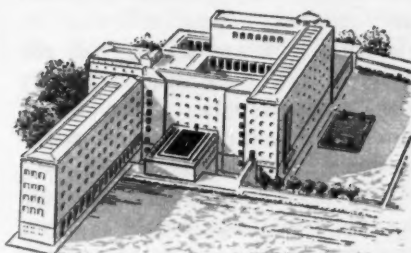
Suddenly he rose and left the car. Within a few moments he returned equipped for a demonstration. As he deftly ate his cone, Sister Elizabeth grasped the idea. She started in on hers just in time to avoid catastrophe.

Sister St. John Mary.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

A Century in the Eternal City

The North American college has survived the hardships of civil war and two world wars, and it is fighting out the cold war



ON TOP of one of the seven hills of Rome, visible from almost every part of the Eternal City, stands a massive monument to the Catholic Church in America. The monument is the North American college, a Catholic seminary established 100 years ago to serve ecclesiastical students from the U.S.

Twelve American students opened the college on Dec. 8, 1859. Since then, six cardinals, more than 100 archbishops and bishops, and 1700 priests and Religious have passed through its doors. Alumni include Cardinal Spellman and the late Cardinals Stritch and Mooney.

A new buff brick, rectangular building, completed in 1953 at the cost of about \$4 million, contrasts strongly with the original college, a reconverted convent in the shadows of the Quirinal hill. One might think that the Street of Humility, on which the original building stood, got its name from the haphazard

structure which housed the first American students. The convent had been converted into a soldiers' barracks during the revolution of 1849. The old building now houses priests of the North American graduate school, established in 1933.

Today's plant, perched atop the Janiculum hill, has rooms for 307 students. It is equipped with central heating, and has a modern auditorium with facilities for Cinemascope.

The grounds include handball, basketball, and tennis courts. The magnificent chapel is adorned with a green marble floor, red marble pillars, and a ceiling of interlaced, hammered concrete beams. Pietro Guadenzi's mosaic of the Immaculate Conception, which covers the entire wall behind the high altar, is matched in beauty by a huge sculpture in high relief of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. It took 40 sculptors 100 days to carve the statue and set it in place.

If Pope Pius IX were to visit the spot today, he would marvel to see

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. September, 1959. © 1959, and reprinted with permission.

one of his dreams realized so impressively. When, in 1855, he expressed his "strong desire" to found an American college in Rome, the American hierarchy received the news with little enthusiasm. Led by Archbishop Hughes (who within three years would become an enthusiastic proponent of the college), they pointed out that besides its cost, a college in Rome would not give the students the training needed to equip them for work on the American scene.

Pius IX said that he would help finance the project. He also promised the bishops that supplementary instruction on problems peculiar to the American mission would be provided at the college. Still, response was slow. Roman authorities expected \$250,000 from American Catholics. The amount finally realized was only \$47,879, two-thirds of which came from the New York and Baltimore provinces. The bishops said that the contribution was meager because the college was so far from America. It took over four years of preparation before the college could officially open its doors in 1859.

Besides its financial pangs, the college suffered from lack of enrollment. One cause was the Civil War. While Americans fought one another back home, the few Yankees and Confederates remaining at the college in Rome prayed side by side for peace.

Studying in Rome, as any alumnus of the North American college

would verify, has many advantages. No student living within walking distance of the Vatican, watching the Pope offer Mass, visiting the tombs of Peter and Paul, witnessing canonizations, could fail to appreciate the sanctity of his Church.

Since the beginning, the North American college has been affiliated with two outstanding institutes: the Urban college until 1932, and the Gregorian institute from 1932 until the present. The Jesuit-administered *Gregorianum*, founded by St. Ignatius Loyola in 1551, is the second oldest college in Rome. Here young Americans hobnob with future Popes; so far, a dozen Pontiffs have been schooled at the institute.

Father William McCloskey, first rector of the North American college, began the tradition of high scholarship by making the students understand that "learning is a man's job—I expect my students to be men!" By 1874, a Roman newspaper correspondent could write, "The American college is at present one of the best disciplined colleges in the Eternal City. The class records of the Propaganda attest that their proficiency in sacred studies ranks them second to no other college."

Catholic education in the U.S. has been manned extensively by the college's alumni. Up to 1955, 18 were on the staff of the Catholic University of America, including four of its first eight rectors. Twenty-one others have been presidents or professors at Catholic colleges; 75, su-

periors or teachers in American seminaries.

The students spend their summers vacationing at the Villa Santa Caterina, a pleasant summer home located on the Appian way near the papal villa of Castel Gondolfo. Like almost everything else in Rome, the Villa Santa Caterina has an interesting history. It was founded on the remains of a corrupt political gangster named Clodius, who was assassinated by Titus Milo in 52 B.C. (Cicero composed *pro Milone*, one of the great speeches of Empire days, in defense of the killer.) Many believe the villa to be Clodius's summer home, the scene of his assassination.

Pius IX insisted that the national college should be truly American; not only in name but in language and customs. Enthusiasm for things American reached its peak under Dr. O'Connell, fourth rector of the college. On Independence Day, 1885, curious Italian spectators saw the Stars and Stripes rippling over the main entrance of the college. Another O'Connell innovation was an American-style ham'n'eggs breakfast in place of the traditional continental morning meal. In addition, baseball became part of the Italian scene when the students turned the Borghese gardens into a temporary sandlot.

As early as 1870, the students showed the American virtues of generosity and courage. The invasion of Rome by King Victor Emmanuel's

army brought out those virtues dramatically. The students marched to St. Peter's in a body and volunteered to assist the Papal Zouaves during the Roman crisis. Pius IX, deeply moved, refused their offer, but he did consent to let them attend the wounded.

In these same troubled years, an anti-papalist, riding on a cart past a group of Americans, lashed one of the students with a whip. The whipping boomeranged. Mike Maher, an Irish-American who was the best all-around athlete at the college, quickly overtook the cart, jumped aboard and, as in a TV western, placed the bad man in custody until the Italian equivalent of the U.S. cavalry appeared on the scene. An alert newsman wrote a lively account of the episode entitled *Pugni Americani* (American fists).

Realizing the advantage of having an American channel of culture and prestige in Rome, the U.S. government has often intervened on behalf of the college. Its aid is welcomed, for located as it is in a foreign country, the American college has had some unique political problems to contend with.

For example, in 1884 the Italian government attempted to confiscate college property. President Arthur, acting in defense of the rights of American citizens, requested the Italians to halt proceedings. The government exempted the college.

Three decades later, during the 1st World War, Cardinal Gasparri

advised Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore to have the college placed under official American protection. Ambassador Pace, after consulting with Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, informed the college, "Under all circumstances, count on all possible protection."

But what the 1st World War could not do, the 2nd World War accomplished; the American college closed its doors for the first time in 80 years. The bishops, on the advice of Ambassador Phillips, recalled their students from Rome shortly before the conflict began.

The college was used as a refuge for more than 300 displaced children during the war. It escaped damage. It wasn't reopened until 1948, when, under the guidance of Archbishop Mooney, work began on a new addition.

Through the college's busy first century, its Yankee hospitality has gone out to Popes and cardinals, Catholics and Protestants, Europeans and Orientals. A few of the visitors have enshrined themselves in the memory of the college.

The school log still recalls the visit made by Pius IX in 1870. Spotting an engraving of George Washington, he exclaimed, "A good man!"

Then, as if this was not praise enough for our first President, the Pope repeated, "A great, good man!"

In 1892, Rector O'Connell greeted a famous writer who came to the college to attend Roman Holy Week services: Mark Twain. The year before, Buffalo Bill Cody took his entire company of cowboys and Indians to Rome. Seeing a Wild West show was a nostalgic treat for the *Americani*.

This October, the North American college plays host to Pope John XXIII, who plans to celebrate the centenary year by offering Mass in the college chapel. Cardinal Spellman, Cardinal Cushing, many American bishops, and more than 250 alumni of the college are expected to attend.

After its first century, the American college, standing against the background of the mighty ancient Roman empire, can itself look back upon its achievements with a sense of Caesarian pride. It has survived the hardships of a civil war, two world wars, and the cold war. The Garibaldis, Mussolinis, and Hitlers have come and gone, but the college has remained to continue building a bridge between American culture and Catholic life.

Tommy was laboriously practicing the piano when a playmate called for him to come out and play. Tommy's mother insisted that he could not leave the house until he had finished practicing.

"All right, mother," said the youngster resignedly as he climbed back onto the piano bench, "But I sure wish you hadn't been deprived of so many things when you were a child!"

F. G. Kernan.

Do doctors scare you?

Physicians need to "watch their language," says one who has seen what a careless word can do

A MAN came to my office complaining of a pain in his ear. Examination failed to reveal any evidence of disease, but the pain was real and distressing. Despite my assurance that there was nothing much wrong with him, he continued to display an anxiety completely out of proportion to his slight discomfort.

His history explained his problem. This man had been perfectly well until the day he was examined for life insurance. A doctor was sent by the life-insurance company to the man's office. The doctor saw a great deal of activity there, and was impressed by the rather hectic business existence of the man he was to examine. The 15 minutes he was kept waiting annoyed him.

When the doctor was finally ushered into the executive's office, a few impersonal words passed between them. But, beneath this exchange, the doctor felt imposed upon because he had to come to this man's office to examine him; had been kept waiting there; and had not been given the courtesy he thought due



him as a physician. The patient, on the other hand, resented the doctor because the doctor was there to survey him as a potential risk; he had no personal interest in the outcome of the examination.

As the examination proceeded, a subtle change in the atmosphere took place. The executive, who had previously dominated the situation, became almost subservient. When the doctor listened to the man's heart, he said nothing. The patient was anxious to know what the doctor had to say about him, but he asked no questions. When the doctor took his blood pressure, repeating the pro-

cedure two or three times, the businessman became distinctly alarmed. He had suddenly been converted into a frightened, anxious patient awaiting a word of assurance.

The doctor found his blood pressure moderately high, but this was of no great significance. However, the relationship between the doctor and the patient had become charged with emotional tension. The patient finally asked the doctor, "How is my blood pressure?"

This immediately placed the doctor in a position of total dominance, because he now was the possessor of mystic numbers that he could reveal or keep secret. So, probably prompted by his own feeling of insecurity in this situation, he said, "It is high enough for you to start slowing down, if you don't want to get a stroke and die."

The doctor left, and made his report to the insurance company. The insurance company then turned the executive down, not because of high blood pressure, but because he piloted his own plane. Nevertheless, he felt certain that the real reason was his high blood pressure—and his impending death from a stroke.

A word has come into being which emphasizes the impact of the doctor on the patient. The word is "iatrogenic"; it is derived from the Greek word *iatros*, meaning "physician," and *genesis*, meaning "to be born." The word implies a state of being which is created by, or made worse by, the doctor. We now know

that a state of health or illness can actually be induced by the physician.

A doctor's inadvertent word or gesture can produce a fear about a nonexistent disease more destructive than any real disease. To many, the word of the doctor is almost like the word of God. Belief in the integrity of your doctor can be the basis for your emotional and physical health. But the doctor must recognize his responsibilities in such a relationship.

A mother brought her nine-year-old child to the hospital one morning. The doctor who examined the youngster asked him to open his mouth wide, depressed his tongue with a wooden applicator, looked, turned to the mother and said, "Tsk ...tsk." The mother's eyes grew wide with fear. But she was afraid to ask what he saw, and he didn't tell her.

The doctor did not know at the time that a sister of the mother had died of leukemia. The first symptom of that illness had apparently centered about the nose and throat. And so the barely perceptible sounds of gloom made by the physician were to her mind the beginning of another cycle of disease and death. All the tragedy of her sister's illness came back to her in that moment. Her fear grew to such proportions that she actually attempted suicide that night. She felt she could not face living once again through the experience she had had with her sister. Fortunately, she was rescued by

an understanding husband. (The child, by the way, had only an enlarged pair of tonsils.)

Another kind of iatrogenic fear is that induced by the hospital. Medical personnel, nurses, orderlies, and technicians are sometimes careless

with the use of words which to them have become common jargon. They have long since forgotten the anxiety that a casual comment can induce in patient or family.

A man was admitted to a hospital for a routine checkup. He was not acutely ill. The checkup began with a technician being sent to his room to take a blood specimen. As the blood was being taken the technician remarked, "My, but your blood is dark."

The dynamite had been planted in the room by the patient's tension on admission. His reasoning went something like this: "I'm overweight; I have been told to reduce. The fat may be pressing on my heart. That's why I'm breathless. My blood is dark; I'm really in trouble. Why did they lie to me and tell me that I had nothing wrong with me when they sent me here?"

But the technician had meant no harm; he probably thought he was saying something pleasant!

A similar situation occurred when a relative of mine became ill in California. I was in communication by telephone with his doctor, who assured me that there was no cause for concern. In ten days the patient was discharged and returned to New York. He came directly to my office from the plane. Although he felt physically fine, he was in a state of depression about his recent illness. "What could you possibly be worried about now?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "When the doctor

RETREAT

I recently visited the *Instituto Nacional de Cardiologia* of Mexico City under the guidance of its director, Dr. Ignacio Chavez. At the end of each ward was a room containing only a table, a few chairs, and some books.

"This is our 'talking room,'" explained Dr. Chavez. "Once while making the rounds of the children's ward, I overheard two youngsters talking. One said, 'I've got a rheumatic-heart murmur in my mitral valve.' The other answered, 'Oh, that's not so much. I've got a double aortic murmur.'"

"Since then, it has been hospital policy never to discuss a patient at his bedside. If tots could become 'little doctors' just by listening to us, think of how much iatrogenic disease we spread when in earshot of grownups. Now we take necessary notes at the bedside; then we all go to the 'talking room,' where we can discuss treatment without adding anxiety to the burdens of an already sick patient."

Peter J. Steincrohn, M.D., in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (18 July '59).

dictated a note to his nurse on my last visit to his office, I heard him say 'unknown etiology.' He didn't tell me whether this condition is curable."

I picked up a small Webster's dictionary from my desk. His anxiety was instantly relieved when I showed him that the word etiology is defined simply as "cause."

There is a special kind of mysticism about the functions of the body that is completely strange to all except those who are trained in the knowledge of its secrets. Often the patient wants to know more exactly what his illness is. Very often the doctor forgets that what is simple, everyday information to him may be a source of real terror to the patient.

A friend of mine went to a doctor complaining of pains in the right side of the abdomen. He had experienced these symptoms on and off for many years. The doctor examined him, and said, "Now, look, we know that it is your appendix. This will go on and on unless we do something about it." He sent the friend to see a very capable surgeon for confirmation of his diagnosis.

The surgeon decided that the appendix should come out; there was no urgency, but it should be removed. To assuage the apparent anxiety of this man he pointed out that the operation was performed many times a day, and hundreds of times a month, in almost every hospital in America. Then he pulled out

a chart of the human body. "You see," said the surgeon, "we make an incision here and then we tie off the base of the appendix and remove it." He stopped short at this point. He had lost his audience, who was lying on the floor in a faint.

Later on, this man did have his appendix taken out. He was able to refer facetiously to his earlier experience. He said, "It was inconceivable to me how he could do all of that without hurting me or perhaps even killing me."

A common misconception among doctors is that patients are reassured by the use of gadgets, machines, and tests. But these very instruments can create chronic invalidism in the fear-prone patient. The indiscriminate use of the electrocardiogram or repeated barium tests of the intestinal tract can do more damage by producing fear than can be compensated for by the occasional scraps of knowledge we receive.

A colleague of mine once looked at an X-ray plate and said to the patient, "We couldn't find a thing wrong with you."

Instead of relieving anxiety, this statement simply frightened the patient. "Do you mean that I have nothing wrong or do you mean that you weren't able to find it?" he asked.

Such fine shades of distinction ordinarily would be passed off lightly. But patients hang on every word spoken by the doctor. They do not take lightly words that may deter-

nine their happiness and the happiness of those around them.

You, as the patient, have a right to understand clearly the exact meaning of terms used by your doc-

tor. The terminology of the physician is not meant to keep you in the dark. It is a private language, but you have every right to have it translated in terms you understand.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Reading and word study go hand in hand. A knowledge of words will improve your reading, and reading will improve your knowledge of words. The best way to improve your vocabulary is to read widely, paying attention to prefixes, roots, and suffixes that combine to form the words of our language.

Eu-, for example, is a Greek prefix meaning good or well. Note its affixture in the dozen words below. Then see if you can match them with their meanings in Column B.

Column A

1. *euphonious*
2. *eupeptic*
3. *euphemism*
4. *eupnea*
5. *Eucharist*
6. *eudiometer*
7. *euphoria*
8. *evangelist*
9. *euthanasia*
10. *ethnics*
11. *eugenics*
12. *eulogize*

Column B

- a) Sin of mercy killing; "good death."
- b) Instrument for analyzing gases and the purity of air.
- c) Of, produced by, or having good digestion.
- d) Normal respiration; good breathing.
- e) Pertaining to good offspring.
- f) Pleasing in sound; good-sounding.
- g) To speak well of; to praise, extol.
- h) Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; "to show good favor."
- i) Pleasant or "good" expression substituting for an offensive one, as "pass away" for "die."
- j) One who spreads the good message of Christianity.
- k) A sense of well-being and buoyancy.
- l) Study of the means of bettering living conditions.

(Answers on page 86)

Pope John's 'American' Ambassador

The new apostolic delegate to the U.S., Archbishop Vagnozzi, is no stranger in Washington

POPE JOHN XXIII's personal representative in this country is a stocky, dynamic, fast-moving Roman whose father was a fireman and whose grandfather was a blacksmith. He is Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi. His official title is Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

An apostolic delegate is a means of liaison between the bishops and the Holy Father. He expedites ecclesiastical business. He acts as the eyes, the ears, and (as John XXIII put it before he was Pope) "the heart" of the Holy Father in the nation to which he is assigned.

The mission of the delegate is exclusively spiritual. Unlike a papal nuncio, who is accredited to a government with which the Vatican has relations, he has no diplomatic status. Nonetheless, his role has many diplomatic aspects. Archbishop Vagnozzi is invited to many diplomatic functions, including those held by representatives of Protestant and Moslem countries. His huge headquarters in Washington is on "diplomatic row" on Massachusetts Ave.



The 53-year-old archbishop could hardly have been better qualified for the post when he succeeded Archbishop (now Cardinal) Amleto Cicognani last May. He had been precocious scholastically. He had the spiritual zeal of a missionary, his first ambition. He had invaluable diplomatic experience in India, France, and the Philippines. And he could speak English like an American, a result of his service as a secretary in the Apostolic Delegation in Washington from 1932 to 1942.

When Monsignor Vagnozzi went back to Rome from his ten years in the U.S., he was so enthusiastic about American life that his Vatican colleagues kiddingly began to call

*Monastery Place, Union City, N.J. September, 1959. © 1959, and reprinted with permission.

him "the American." Msgr. Patrick J. Ryan, who retired as Chief of Chaplains, U.S. Army, in 1958, was an army chaplain in Italy during the 2nd World War. He says that he thought Msgr. Vagnozzi was an American when he met him for the first time in the sacristy of St. Peter's basilica.

Archbishop Vagnozzi recalls that Archbishop Angelo Roncalli, now Pope John XXIII, used to tease him by calling him "the American" when he was transferred to Paris in 1945 to assist Archbishop Roncalli, then papal nuncio there.

"Probably, when the appointment of a delegate to the U.S. came up, he naturally thought of 'the American,'" he adds with a smile.

Like the Holy Father, Archbishop Vagnozzi is a man of humble birth, a wit, a linguist, a person of European sophistication.

He is a muscular five feet, ten inches tall, with a somewhat ruddy complexion, black hair, heavy jowls, and a long nose slightly turned up at the end. His brown eyes sparkle behind rimless spectacles. He has a quick smile, and rocks with laughter at his own or another's joke. He is an excellent storyteller—and a person about whom stories are told.

While he was papal nuncio and dean of the diplomatic corps in the Philippines, he was traveling with the bishop of a local diocese and with George Clutton, the British ambassador.

The local bishop asked Mr. Clut-

ton, "Is the nuncio as hard on diplomats as he is on the bishops?"

"He wouldn't dare to be hard on the diplomats," Clutton shot back.

"Of course," Archbishop Vagnozzi put in, "I take the bishops *seriously*."

The new delegate won quick popularity in the U.S. When he visited several American cities in May, he made a hit by holding press conferences in the free-wheeling American tradition. Gesticulating Italian style, he is an expressive conversationalist. He may even lean forward to tap an interviewer's knee to emphasize a point.

Once, when he was dining with a group of U.S. Army officers during the 2nd World War, he was asked if he knew a certain Italian prince.

"Heck, no!" he exclaimed. "I'm from the *hoi polloi*. My father was a fireman."

Both sides of Archbishop Vagnozzi's family were devoid of priests and of diplomats. His father's father was a blacksmith in the little town of Vitorchiano, 50 miles north of Rome. His mother's father was a porter on the docks. His own father, Francesco, was a municipal fireman in Rome.

Francesco Vagnozzi was a courageous man. He won two medals for bravery. One decoration was awarded for stopping a runaway horse. In the other case, a madman in the balcony of San Bernardo church was shooting at anyone who entered the vestibule. Francesco stole up the steps, and disarmed the gunman.

Two firemen were stationed at every performance in Roman theaters. When Francesco got this assignment, he would take his son with him. The archbishop's love of opera began in those days.

The family included another son, James, eight years older, and a younger sister, Magdalene. Egidio was born on Feb. 2, 1906, in the Prati section, a workingman's neighborhood only 15 minutes from St. Peter's. For four years, starting when he was eight, Egidio served three or four Masses at the basilica every morning.

"It was a tremendously moving experience," he recalls. "I practically lived in the church, and my desire to become a priest was a natural product of the years I spent there. When I was ten, I stood almost next to the throne when Pope Benedict XV was presiding at a canonization."

When he was 12, he was awarded a scholarship to the Lateran Pontifical seminary, a school for student priests in Rome which numbers Pope John XXIII among its alumni.

According to canon law, a man ordained to the priesthood must have passed his 24th birthday. Only the Pope can make exceptions. In 1928 Pope Pius XI permitted the brilliant 22-year-old Vagnozzi to be ordained three days before Christmas. Egidio had always wanted to become a missionary in India or China, but his father had opposed the plan. Now Cardinal Basilio Pompili, vicar of Rome, ordered him to take courses in

canon law. Two years later, he had earned doctorates in canon law, sacred theology, and philosophy.

In the seminary young Vagnozzi's professors had included Msgr. Domenico Tardini, now cardinal and Secretary of State, and Msgr. Angelo Roncalli. The latter taught patristics (the history of the Fathers of the Church) and homiletics (the art of preaching).

Father Vagnozzi was next assigned to the staff of the secretary of state. Shortly after his assignment that post was filled by Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, later Pope Pius XII. In the fall of 1932, Father Vagnozzi became a monsignor and was sent to the apostolic delegation in Washington as a secretary.

Archbishop Vagnozzi thinks his decade in Washington was of great importance in his development as a diplomat.

"One of the traits I admire most in Americans is their straightforward approach," he says. "The tendency in Europe is to talk and talk, with only a little practicality at the end. Americans see a straight line as the shortest distance between two points.

"Another American trait I like is the tendency not to mix in other people's business. There's no nosiness here outside of the newspaper people, for whom it is a professional necessity. And there is a high regard for personal achievement, rather than for family background or influential friends.

"The Church in the U.S. is in splendid condition. It has grown in size, and it has an active and zealous clergy. The second and third generations of Catholic immigrants are growing up unburdened by their parents' preoccupation with making a living, and more of them are going to college."

Monsignor Vagnozzi left Washington in 1942 with the rank of counsellor. At 37, he was the youngest such official in the Vatican diplomatic corps. He was transferred to Portugal and then to Paris, where he became the right-hand man of Nuncio Roncalli.

In 1948 the Vatican and the newly independent government of India prepared to establish diplomatic relations. Monsignor Vagnozzi was sent to India to pave the way for a permanent inter-nuncio. After 15 months, he returned to Rome to be consecrated an archbishop. He was appointed Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines and titular bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor. (He is amused that this nominal title makes him titular successor to St. Nicholas—or Santa Claus.)

When the Holy See established diplomatic relations with the Philippines in 1951, Archbishop Vagnozzi became apostolic nuncio. He made a point of traveling to remote areas to develop a stronger native Church.

One day, as he climbed a slope in a mountainous section of Luzon, his horse made a sudden jump. The nuncio grabbed at the saddle but it

broke loose. He tumbled on top of his missionary companion.

According to an apocryphal story, the priest jumped into a ravine to save the nuncio's life. Archbishop Vagnozzi says that the tale involves an obvious fallacy: "As a missionary he would have tried to save his horse instead, because he would know how essential the horse is."

The nuncio outmaneuvered the communists by strongly backing the Philippine labor movement and a program of agricultural reform. He has always been an outspoken advocate of social justice as enunciated in the papal encyclicals.

Vice-President Nixon, who became acquainted with Archbishop Vagnozzi on his two trips to the Philippines, says he enjoyed a "long and stimulating discussion" of world events as a luncheon guest of the delegate last June.

"Without doubt, he is one of the few men in the world who can qualify as an expert on the problems of Asia," Nixon says. "He has a keen understanding of communist techniques and strategy in that part of the world and is the realistic, tough-minded kind of thinker the free world needs in these critical times."

In December, 1958, Archbishop Vagnozzi was appointed apostolic delegate to the United States. About the same time, Cardinal Agagianian was leaving Rome as papal legate to the bishops' conference in Manila. Pope John XXIII remembered that when he had last seen Monsignor

Vagnozzi in Paris in 1947, his assistant had been smoking two packs of cigarettes a day and had a bad cough. The Pope called Cardinal Agagianian aside on his departure and said, "Vagnozzi smokes too much!"

When this comment was dutifully passed on to Archbishop Vagnozzi in Manila, he had long since given up smoking. When he arrived in Rome in March, en route to his new post in Washington, the new delegate smilingly said, "Your Holiness, you made a remark about me which has not been true for five years."

"But you *were* smoking too much then!" Pope John insisted.

The handsome, 80-room delegation building on Massachusetts Ave. houses the delegate's staff of three Italian priests and four American priests who handle his appointments and heavy English correspondence. Also residing in the building are six members of the French-Canadian Order of the Little Sisters of the Holy Family, who do the cooking and other domestic work; a butler and his wife; and a chauffeur.

In contrast to the impressively furnished reception room, the delegate's small office is almost austere. His bookshelf covers one wall. Its diverse collection includes historians Toynbee and Van Loon; books on canon law; a history of India; an Italian dictionary of theology; a French

study of the Chinese communist leader, Mao Tse Tung; and American western stories.

The archbishop reads westerns avidly. He is flabbergasted by the intrepidity of American pioneers who defied scalping raids by Indians. He has tried westerns on TV, but is disappointed by the psychologically disturbed heroes he finds there. "Instead of relaxing, I get nervous," he comments.

He has been too busy to indulge any of his many hobbies; golf, bridge, table tennis (he was once table-tennis champion of a Boy Scout camp in the Rockies), and mountain climbing. He has climbed Long's Peak in the Rockies and the Weiss-horn in the Alps. Once, he waited nine days for a chance to climb the Matterhorn, but the weather was so bad he had to give it up.

Archbishop Vagnozzi recalls that in his audience with Pope John XXIII in March, he told the Holy Father that "after nine and a half years in the apostolic delegation in the U.S., I know what a huge task awaits me. I am a little bit afraid at the prospect of going to such a big job."

He relates that "the Pope laughed and, tapping himself on the chest with both hands, said, 'You are afraid of your big job! What about me?'"



What to give the man who has everything:
a Congressional investigation. Harold Coffin.

By H. Allen Smith
Condensed from
*"Don't Get Perconel With a Chicken"***

Kids write what they think

When Johnny turns author, the only thing to predict is the unpredictable



LIVER WENDELL HOLMES once observed that children do pretty much all of the honest truth-telling there is in the world. H. Allen Smith supplies excellent proof in his latest book, provocatively titled *Don't Get Perconel With a Chicken*. The title comes from a postvacation essay by a young farm visitor who fell in love with a certain chicken only to see it served up on the dinner table. "When my gran father saw me crying he says dont ever get perconel with a chicken," she wrote. Here are some other samples of what Mr. Smith calls "nuggets from youthful pens."

The way some little boys pass the time is illustrated in an essay written by Dennis Heinemann of Los Angeles and passed along to posterity by Matt Weinstock: "A little boy was looking at his fish. They weren't doing anything so he went into his room and read a book. Some friends came over. They played records. Davy Crockett was their favorite. They played it 200 times and then went to bed they were so tired."

Bruce Brill, another boy in Dennis' school, wrote an essay showing how jungle beasts pass the time: "Once there was a giraffe. He lived in the jungle. He liked to eat grass and bananas and leaves. At night he visited the other animals. They talked and played poker and drank lemonade until midnight."

This poker game fascinates me. I'd dearly love to see a giraffe drinking lemonade and worrying over his hole card.

A boy in New Jersey turned in the following bit of literary criticism.

BOOK REPORT

The book I report is Tarzan and the ant men. Their is no report because it would tell you how it turned out.

In my fat file of children's writings I have come upon a single sheet from a school composition book, with five words printed on it in large letters. The only identification is the name

*© 1957, 1959 by H. Allen Smith, and reprinted with the permission of Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston 6, Mass. 132 pp. \$2.95.

Stephen Sanborn, written on the back. The five words are:

WET PANT YOUS BAKE DOOR

Fred Beck is authority for a story about a little girl who went to visit her aunt. The little girl had been raised in a heathen household, but her Aunt Elsie, a righteous woman, sent her to Sunday school. There she was given the first Sunday school card she had ever seen. She wrote home: "Dear Daddy: Aunt Elsie sent me to Sunday school and the kids sang hims and then they gave me an ad for heaven. love, Beatrice"

When Randy Jacob of Yardley, Pa., was eight years old his grandfather wanted the boy to develop an interest in nature. So he told Randy to go out and observe nature and write about it, and if the stuff he wrote was good, he would be given some money. Randy's first submission: "The spider is not an insect. It has 8 legs. Some people call it an insect when it is a plain bug. It is a pest to most people for it makes big cobwebs in corners of walls and other places and leaves it. Some people are even afraid of it.

"The Yellowjacket is another stinging insect, it is a lot like the bee only smaller. It seems like it is meant for stinging because it has no other use. A bee makes honey, a wasp just walks around enjoying life, and hardly ever does any flying, but a yellowjacket seems to fly around stinging people on purpose."

Once, a book for children arrived at the New York *Herald Tribune*

office. It was decided to hand it over to a 12-year-old for review. The child wrote one of the shortest reviews on record, yet one of the most perceptive in the whole history of criticism—a commentary that could be applied to many another book: "This book is very good but too long in the middle."

Following publication of my book *Write Me a Poem, Baby*, some of my neighbors became more conscious of their children's writings than they had been in the past. One little girl was allowed to stay up election night and watch the excitement on TV. Afterward, her mother suggested that she write her impressions of the election. She did. She wrote a poem.

*Clack clack
Went the univac*

When Johnnie Choate was nine years old he was given a writing assignment at school. He was told to read the English ballad *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and then to tell the story in his own words. Let us first have a look at what Johnnie wrote.

"'Sandy' called Lord Ullin, Bring My daughter to me'. Yes Sire said Sandy. 'Come come my daughter I will take you to a castle wich we mite by.' 'O father you are always beying things. wy don't you think of the poor for a change.'

"'O phhooy to the poor they should earn there money instead of beging for it.'

"'Father your so very crule.'

"Why daughter you speak souch bad talk."

"It is very right what I say and speechy you saying boo to the poor. Why you ought to be a shamed of your self. Im going to run away."

That is as far as Johnnie went with it, and I don't know what his teacher said if he turned it in. There is one small matter to be cleared up: that word *speechy*. After much soul-searching I decided that Johnnie meant "specially," and his mother verified my deduction.

Now, I was not acquainted with the original ballad and had to do some digging in the public library. One thing is certain: Johnnie didn't copy anything verbatim. In the ballad Lord Ullin's daughter and the chief of Ulva's Isle are eloping and have been on the road for three days, pursued by Lord Ullin and his men. At Lochgyle they plead with the ferryman to row them across. He agrees, and Lord Ullin arrives on the shore just in time to see the boat capsize and his daughter drown.

That's all there is to it. Nobody named Sandy. No talk about castles to by. No phhooy to the poor. No daughter speaking souch bad talk. In fact, it appears to me that Johnnie was deeply dissatisfied with the whole plot of the ballad, even the elopement part.

When Cassy Espy was much younger than she is today, she decided to organize her affairs and lead an orderly existence. She went in for single-entry bookkeeping so that

she might always know where she stood financially. Her mother has passed along a page from Cassy's account book, as follows:

Candy	3
gum	5
ribben	15

All toll	23
----------	----

One spring afternoon when she was about seven, Mona Espy was sitting in the yard. A sudden surge of religious feeling hit her. She hurried into the house, got pencil and paper, and wrote: "I Love you God I Love you so much that I wish that I was in the aire. to god. by mona."

Paul Nathan, who writes for *Publisher's Weekly*, served as one of the judges in a 6th-grade essay contest. All the children wrote on the subject "Courtesy, the Art of Being Nice." Mr. Nathan's favorite (though not the winner) was this one.

"Courtesy can help us mentally, for it leaves us with a free conchonce & a happy soul. Courtesy has helped us win wars. Suppose the U.S. is being beaten in a war of missles by Russia. Briton chimes in & we soon beat Russia. They did this kind deed for they knew we could help them.

"Courtesy can save money & lives too. Imagine that Ichabod is driving in the suburbs of a large establishment. Having smoked a cigar, he flicks it out the window. Ichabod's cigar started a gigantic fire which claimed 3,000,000 lives & just as many dollars damage. By the way,

Ichabod's children were killed. He could have stopped this disaster by simply putting the cigar in the ash-tray.

"Another example . . . Say King Joe is visiting Mongolia. On his way he falls off a cliff, a pheasant found him & cured him. In return, the king made the pheasant a high official in his court. Also there is the story of the thorn in the lion's paw & the boy gets it out so the lion repays him with his life. Courtesy Pays!!!"

A Connecticut couple with a pair of eight-year-old twin girls named Carol and Clara allowed the children to spend a weekend at the country home of a couple who had no offspring. Clara appointed herself official chronicler of the expedition. She later presented the following report to her parents:

"Mr. Fitzpatrick is deiting he wants to get skinny and look young. Carol gave me an Indian burn and I give her one back. They have an organ and we practised on it it's easier than the piano. I would practice much on the organ if we had one. They told us to look at the lightning bugs and we did but we have lite-

ning bugs in Greenwich but we don't look out. Mr. Fitzpatrick has a big garden with corn but the corn is not as tall as our corn and don't grow as fast as our corn. They met in Massachusetts Carol ask Mr. Fitzpatrick who proposed to who and he said Mrs. Fitzpatrick proposed to him but Mrs. Fitzpatrick said he was a fibber and don't believe a word he says. They drunk ten cans of beer. They have 2 bird feeders but not as nice as ours and the skwerels get on them."

Laurette Howars once published a collection of children's things. It included a marvelous essay.

SMELLS

Smells are things to know about. When people do good things they smell sweet. When they do bad things, they do not smell sweet at all. Dogs know about this.

An equally perceptive essay, written by a schoolgirl, was reprinted by the *Boston Evening Transcript*. It bore the title *Parents*:

"We get our parents at so late an age that it is impossible to change their habits."



TYPED

My nephew Michael, three and a half years of age, already has recognized the pattern of Westerns. We know. His mother and I were doing dishes one evening when the youngster ran out to announce that Bishop Sheen was on TV.

With great interest (and innocence) he looked earnestly at his mother and asked, "Mommy, this Bishop Sheen—is he the good guy or the bad guy?"

Catherine Walker.

Unchanging America



The "good old days" were sometimes hard, but they showed the face of opportunity to the world's disinherited

WHEN I WAS A BOY, the first English words the newcomer to America learned were "Post No Bills." That legend looked down upon him from the walls of every street, alley, and tenement building. By the time he entered night school, however, he was more deeply concerned with two other words: "working papers." They were something he had to have to get a job as an errand boy, or in a factory, or even to hire a peddler's cart.

But everyone knew of a friendly notary public in the neighborhood who charged you 50¢ for working papers if you happened to be under 14. Perhaps this was out of order, but it was out of order on the side of America, and since it involved work it also helped to enrich the human spirit.

Because the young immigrant boy

was forever conscious of his alienism, he looked into the faces of the Americans on the street and said to himself, "Ah, when will I talk like him, and when will I be like him?" And he did not have a minute to spare. He had to get on with the business of making good as quickly as possible. He couldn't wait till he was 14. He was worried about his accent, but he was aware that if he worked hard and studied hard, it was possible to hurdle an entire generation within a comparatively few years.

When I was graduated from the East Side Evening High school in 1919, the class valedictorian was a bearded gentleman who was a pushcart peddler during the day. The principal, Dr. Hein, told us that our valedictorian was 51. There were other grown men in the class, many of them with families. They went to a night school after ten hours in the sweatshops because they wanted to speak English and learn about America. They wanted to set an ex-

*590 Madison Ave., New York City 22. July, 1959. © 1959 by International Business Machines Corp., and reprinted with permission.

ample for their children. They were in a new world based on an Idea, an Idea which rewarded you if you were ready to accept its challenge.

The face of America encouraged this intellectual vigor, which has had few parallels in the history of our country. It was the desire to learn and it began early. It began with the young Orthodox boy when his father wrapped him in the *tallith* (prayer cloth) and opened the book to teach him his first *aleph* (letter A). Occasionally the folks went far back into folklore and dropped a coin on the page as the boy studied, and told him that an angel had dropped the coin as a reward for passing his first lesson.

On every second block there was a sign, "Lecture Tonight." And there were technical schools, too, the kind every expert demands for America today. The clubs and debating societies became so numerous that the authorities found it necessary to open the schools at night.

And voting. How they voted! You could hear the word *vote* for months before and after each election. Children boasted to one another, "My father can vote," and factory workers and peddlers carried their second papers (final citizenship) in their back pockets.

Bound up with this vitality was another face of America: the free public libraries. Whenever I am in New York, I revisit the main library. It is a ritual, like visiting the house where I was born.

On a recent trip, I applied for my books as usual and then went to the main reading room to await my number to flash on the indicator and tell me my books were ready to be picked up. But after a while I decided to keep watching the indicator long after my number had appeared. I was watching something interesting. I was watching the whole story of this Idea of America. I saw boys and girls go up and get their books, boys singly and girls singly, and then boys and girls together. Many of them were Puerto Rican boys and girls.

In my day it was Jewish boys and girls who stepped up to that counter. Jewish boys and girls, many of them still wearing the clothes their mothers had made for them to cross the ocean in. Before the Jewish boys and girls, the Irish boys and girls picked up their books, and after the Jewish boys and girls, the Italians did the same thing, and then the Negroes, and now the Puerto Ricans.

America had been made in this library, and all of these same people helped to make it.

America turned the face of opportunity toward you. It took hard work, but the number of those who succeeded is one of the truly great stories of our western culture. It is the true story of America. It is why the immigrant mother, when asked, "How old are your children?" could reply with confidence and dignity, "The doctor is four and the lawyer is two and a half."

what are Altar Boys made of?

PHOTOS BY ESTHER BUBLEY,
COURTESY OF LIFE MAGAZINE

The earnest young men below are training to become altar boys for the Church of the Most Precious Blood in Walden, N.Y. Like their 380,000 counterparts who daily assist at Mass in the U.S., they master a little Latin, acquire a lot of reverent poise, and learn how to overcome boyish fidgets and the giggles.

Lesson No. 1 for altar trainees: how to walk slowly—no pushing, no running.





Mastering some 60 lines of Latin is a challenge for gum-chewing Paul Otis.



Priest shows Gary Hoyt how to clasp hands reverently, finger tips together.

They Master Balanced Bow

Learning to bow while kneeling calls for rapt attention or you miss the bow.





Belligerent look on Michael Clancy's face comes when big boys tease him.



But garbed in white surplice, gloves, Michael assumes an angelic expression.

As any priest can testify, it is no easy task to turn lively, pre-teen youngsters into sedate Mass servers. At Walden, the patient Father Matthew Crosson accomplishes his

challenging task at weekly practice sessions in the church basement. Gradually his rambunctious trainees settle down. Their one abiding fault: candle-lighter duels.

Ready to go on altar for first time, torchbearers have taste of stage fright.





Assisting Father Crosson at high Mass, neophytes look stiffly solemn.

The Big Moment Arrives at Last

First time on the altar can be a tense experience for a new server. Proud parents watch every move. Shoes squeak. Cassocks get caught up in heels. But somehow the well-learned lessons are remembered, and the occasion ends in a blaze of congratulations. A Walden boy summed up the universal feeling of altar boys when he said, "Being on the altar makes me feel close to God."

As reward for successful debut, Paul Otis gets big hug from happy mother.



By Charles Oxtan
Condensed from "View"



Going McCarey's Way

*Actors stand near him on the
chance that lightning will strike*

AT THE NEW YORK premiere of the motion picture *An Affair to Remember*, a smiling man who looked somewhat like Cary Grant, star of the film, stood blinking in the glare of the Klieg lights. He was producer Leo McCarey, enjoying a role from which he had been absent too long.

McCarey's career has spanned more than three decades of movie history, and has brought him three Academy awards. Two of his many pictures, *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*, have pulled more people into theaters than any two other pictures ever made, including *Gone With the Wind* and *The Ten Commandments*.

"I made pictures like *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*," he says, "because I thought they were, of all, good pictures. I mean that their primary purpose was

to entertain. At no place in them did I say, 'The idea I'm trying to put across is that religion can have humor and lightness and joy.' I let the incidents speak for themselves."

Probably more stories of how McCarey originated the story of *Going My Way* have been printed than about any other screen play. The film actually evolved over many years as a result of Leo's association with several priests.

One man, a Monsignor Conneally (now dead), crystallized his thinking. The priest, an outspoken old Irishman, knocked at the door of Leo's Santa Monica home one afternoon, asking a donation for his church. McCarey talked with him for hours about everything from his parochial duties to his young curates: "Nice young men, only they're always figuring how they're going to change things when I die."

At the close of the conversation Leo wrote out a check for \$2,500, expecting profuse thanks. When none were forthcoming, Leo prodded, gently, "Monsignor, did you look at the check?"

"That I did," replied the padre.

"Any—er— comments?" McCarey ventured.

"Well, yes, now that you ask me," the priest answered. "Pat O'Brien, God bless him, just gave me a check for \$5,000."

Today, despite his periodic absences from the screen, McCarey's brand of magic still has actors fighting to expose themselves to it. Some of the old-time character actors admit that they hope the lightning that struck Barry Fitzgerald as a result of his association with McCarey will strike them.

Fitzgerald, a Protestant, was playing crotchety old characters, some with more than a passing interest in whisky, when McCarey called him. "Don't accept another part until I see you," Leo said. "And especially don't consider any more of the parts you've been playing lately."

Fitzgerald dropped everything to steep himself in the role. "It wasn't easy," McCarey recalls. "We had a tough time teaching him how to bless himself and genuflect properly. Fitz learned, though. When the late Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles saw the picture, he said he almost wished he could give him a parish."

McCarey started out to be a lawyer, after a short but enlightening fling at prize fighting. His father was "Uncle" Tom McCarey, a well-known boxing promoter around Los Angeles, where Leo was born.

During his days at the University of Southern California, Leo stepped

through an open elevator shaft and broke two legs. He received \$5,000 in damages. His first impulse was to use the money to start a law library. Instead, he bought copper-mining stocks. To be near his investment, he took a job in Utah as a mine mucker.

Around this time he married pretty Stella Martin, his high-school sweetheart.

Thanks to his penchant for playing the piano, Leo's stay in Utah was brief. One day an attorney for the mine company caught his impromptu concert. Impressed both by his musical ability and legal background, the attorney invited him to join his San Francisco law firm. Leo was sent to Los Angeles to handle a case on the assumption that a home-town product would be best fitted for the job.

"I must have set some sort of record," McCarey recalls. "I lost the case in 15 minutes and was fired. Probably I should have quit right then, but I didn't. I opened my own office."

The move, considering McCarey's somewhat naïve trust in human nature, was ill advised. One day a hulking client asked Leo to represent him in a suit against his wife, who, he complained, had mistreated him unmercifully. In court a few days later, McCarey got the shock of his life. His client's wife, her ribs broken and her face battered, appeared before the judge with her two small children.

"Are you defending this man?" the

judge asked the dumbfounded Leo.

"I was, your honor," McCarey answered. "But if you'll give my client a few minutes to get himself another lawyer, I'll be on my way." With his outraged client in hot pursuit, Leo fled the courtroom. As he ran past the Los Angeles Times building, columnist Bill Henry, then a rising reporter, tried to intercept him.

"What do you think you're doing?" he shouted at Leo.

"Practicing law," was the breathless reply, as McCarey sprinted out of sight.

Disillusioned ("I never won a case"), McCarey decided to try his hand at the movies. A friend, David Butler, now a well-known director, introduced him to Tod Browning, a topflight producer. When movie executives discovered he had a college degree, they immediately put him on the payroll.

"College-bred people were not common in Hollywood when I tossed my hat into the ring," McCarey explains. "Silly as it may sound, I got the reputation of being a mental giant."

His education and talent did not save him from the price of inexperience. Assigned to direct a feature production, he turned out what he calls "a horrible lemon."

"It set me back to the 20-yard line," he says. "I spent five years as an assistant director, something I should have done in the first place."

Tod Browning told Leo he could

teach him any of three things: acting, writing, or directing. He added, "If you're a writer, if you learn how to direct and create, you'll never be lonely. You'll never be like most actors, sitting by the telephone, waiting for some agent or producer to call."

McCarey's experience with Browning covered everything from building an original film set to film editing. From Browning, McCarey went to Hal Roach to make Laurel and Hardy comedies. At 26, he was making so much money Roach made him a vice president.

Leo surprised Roach in a steam room one day with the announcement that he was quitting. "You're too big and healthy," Leo explained, eying Roach's well-muscle physique. "No room for me to move up."

From making two-reeler comedies, McCarey branched out to making features. He had built a fair reputation before the advent of sound. Then the studios, gingerly testing the new medium, brought in a flock of stage directors from New York. It was thought that only they would know how to handle dialogue.

Banker Joseph P. Kennedy of Massachusetts broke the log jam for Leo. Kennedy was sent by RKO-Pathe's backers in Manhattan to steady the firm's shaky finances. He put Leo to work directing Eddie Quillan in *The Sophomore*. The picture made a star of Quillan and lots of money for the studio.

Shortly afterward, Leo put himself at death's door by drinking huge quantities of milk as a publicity stunt for his picture *The Milky Way*. He came down with undulant fever and almost didn't pull through.

The Awful Truth, the film that brought McCarey his first Oscar, appeared in 1937. McCarey was vacationing in Budapest when word came of his award. The announcement from Hollywood was followed immediately by a telegram of congratulation from Eamon de Valera. Later that same year, McCarey had an audience with Pope Pius XI.

In 1944, the year of *Going My Way*, Leo received two Oscars, one for best direction, the other for best original motion-picture story. His *Ruggles of Red Gap*, while it failed to win any honors, still is remembered for Charles Laughton's inspired delivery of the *Gettysburg Address*.

Leo is a frustrated songsmith. Over the years he has turned out more than 1,000 songs without giving Rodgers and Hammerstein much cause for worry.

He is also accident-prone. His falls and other mishaps have put him in the hospital for a total of more than six years of his career. After one auto accident in which author Gene Fowler was also a victim, Leo had to have 66 stitches in his head.

Ten years ago, Father James Keller asked McCarey's advice on a film explaining the Christopher movement. Leo volunteered to be director and producer. Then he rounded up a \$1 million cast of volunteer talent, with such stars as Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Loretta Young, and William Holden. The film he produced, *You Can Change The World*, showed millions how to carry Christ into the market place.



Pointed: Espresso: coffee you can bend. Jack Douglas . . . Demagogue: a man who rocks the boat and says there is a terrible storm at sea. Waverly Avis Karol.

Painted: Chicago wore its moon low

that night, almost like a corsage. Mary Ellen Kelly . . . The days were boxcars on a siding. Fannie Hurst . . . Drooping sunflowers, outstared by the sun. Olive Schreiner . . . Lake laundered by wind. Mary C. Dorsey.

Peopled: A child whose questions would tire an echo. Arthur Hertzler . . . Her tongue slowed down while her thoughts rounded a curve. Sister M. Florian, O.S.F. . . . Seeing-eye heart. Ira Wallach.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Jerusalem's Singing Orphans

They read music backwards

EACH WEEKDAY at 6 A.M., 24 Arab boys, aged nine to 13, tumble noisily out of their beds and walk two-by-two to the most sacred shrine in Christendom, the Holy Sepulcher. There, in keeping with a tradition almost a century old, the boys from the Franciscan orphanage of Jerusalem sing at high Mass on the site of Christ's crucifixion and burial.

The surroundings in which the orphans live provide a unique opportunity for them to understand the words they sing. On Palm Sunday, they flank the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem as he leads a procession from Mount of Olives to the walls of the Old City, over the route taken by Christ the week before his death. On Christmas eve, their voices are heard in nearby Bethlehem when the Patriarch officiates at Midnight Mass. "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo*," they echo exultantly, and the joyful sound spreads across the hushed moon-whitened hills of Judea.

Pilgrims are amazed not only at the quality of the orphans' voices but at their prodigious memories. Eighteen different Masses and hundreds of hymns are in their reper-



toire. They are equally at ease in Latin, English, and Arabic. If occasion demands, the singing orphans can master a new musical service overnight. Few among the diplomats and Arab government leaders who attended a Pontifical Requiem Mass for Pope Pius XII at the Holy Sepulcher realized that the boys had less than 48 hours to prepare for it.

The boys' home is tucked away in the Franciscan monastery of St. Saviour, a huge stone dwelling by the wall of the Old City of Jerusalem. The monastery is the center of activities for the Franciscans, who are the official custodians of the Holy

*141 E. 65th St., New York City 21. September, 1959. © 1959, and reprinted with permission.

Places. It is all that any boy could ever dream of. In their free hours, the youngsters explore workshops which produce everything from clothing to desks.

When the orphans reach 16, they choose a career for themselves. The training resources of the friars are broad enough to meet most of their vocational demands. If one of them wants to be an electrician, he can train in the monastery plant which, in 1922, gave Jerusalem its first supply of electricity. Or if printing is the choice, there is the 112-year-old print shop, the oldest in the Middle East, from whose presses rolled the first catechism printed in Arabic and, more recently, the first printed collection of Arabic popular songs. Some boys continue their music studies; others learn tailoring; a few, commercial photography.

In less formal ways, too, association with the friars helps prepare the orphans for their future lives. The friars come from all over the world. The young boys look to them as a guide to the customs of the non-Arab world. The example they set is a quiet but effective teacher.

One afternoon the orphans watched a donkey amble into the pilgrims' reception office. Brother Raphael Quinn, a white-haired Canadian who has served in the Holy Land 40 years, solemnly produced some candy from his desk and offered it to the animal. The donkey chewed it and then, backing out of the office, headed on its way.

When the episode was discussed later in a classroom, the boys commented that most people beat donkeys, and the teacher had a chance to explain why all God's creatures should be respected.

Classroom routine is not unlike that in any other school, except that music is a busy part of the daily schedule. Learning to sing in Latin and English is no problem. Other languages seem easy by comparison with the boys' own Arabic.

The orphans' music is prepared in Arab style. This makes things difficult for non-Arab friars who sometimes accompany them on the organ. The scores are written backwards, from the right side of the page to the left, just as the Arabic language itself is written.

Music is taught by a former orphan, Agostino Lama, who is also organist at the Holy Sepulcher. Lama, a husky, graying man, was born in Bethlehem, and was orphaned when he was a small child. A half century ago he entered the Franciscan orphanage and was raised there. Since 1929, he has been the director of the orphans' choir. His wife, an Armenian by birth, was also an orphan. At home now in Jerusalem, they have a small choir of their own—eight boys and a girl.

Not all of the 90 boys at the orphanage are accepted for singing roles, but all have the chance to assist at services in the Holy Sepulcher. If a youngster is tone-deaf or does not have a singing voice, he be-

comes an altar boy. When the Father Custodian of the Holy Places has to officiate at a service elsewhere he always takes several of the orphans to serve as altar boys.

Choirmaster Lama groups the singing orphans into two choirs. The first is of boys nine to 13. At 13, when their voices begin to "crack," the older orphans become altar boys. Those under nine, meanwhile, form the stand-by choir. The first choir is always an even two dozen, while the size of the second depends on the suitability of the new voices added to the orphanage during the year.

Both choirs are kept especially busy during Easter and Christmas when pilgrims from all parts of the world visit the Holy Land. After these holy days, the orphans take a vacation along the Dead Sea, where they can enjoy the novelty of below-sea-level swimming.

Although the singing orphans are heard each year by tens of thousands of pilgrims, they never make any radio or TV appearances, or go on any international tours. The closest they come to a tour is on June 24, the feast of the Nativity of John the Baptist, and on July 2, the Visitation, when they travel less than ten miles to the village of Ein Karim in Israel. There they sing in churches marking the birthplace of Christ's precursor and the site where the Blessed Virgin visited her cousin Elizabeth.

The singing orphans of the Holy Sepulcher are among some 350 Arab boys and girls cared for at a dozen

Catholic orphanages in Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Benedictines, Salesians, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Zion, and several different congregations of Franciscan nuns administer the orphanages.

The girls from the Franciscan Sisters of Egypt orphanage have their own link with the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Besides singing in the afternoon procession twice a week, they make and repair the vestments worn by the priests there.

There are 60 girls, ranging in age from six to 17, at the orphanage. Even the smallest are expert with a needle and thread. In the sunny, flower-bordered courtyard at the orphanage, they sit on small chairs in the classic sewing-circle, chattering away as a brown-robed Sister guides their careful embroidering. They are also the choir for the shrine at the Garden of Gethsemane.

The orphans come from all over the Arab world. A little dark-eyed youngster named Muna was born in far-off Morocco where her father had died. Somehow her sick mother reached the island of Cyprus but she could no longer care for the child, and a home was found for her in the Holy Land.

One father recently brought his two daughters, aged four and six, to the orphanage of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary in Bethlehem. The children had been living with their grandmother at a jail where she was a matron.

The father told the Sisters that

the prison environment was toughening the personalities of the little girls. He had not exaggerated. The six-year-old, on being presented to the Mother Superior, declared saucily, "I live in jail."

The selfless example of the friars, priests, and Sisters who devote their lives to sheltering the orphans of the Holy Land is recognized by the children themselves.

One sister at the girls' orphanage in Bethlehem has been in the Holy

Land for 30 years. Since arriving at Bethlehem, she has never returned to her home in Biddeford, Maine. The children marvel at this.

"When I grow up," one of them told her recently, "I'm going to save my money so I can buy you a ticket home."

The nun smiled. "That is a very lovely thought, Laila, but we must think of the other Sisters, too. It would not be fair for one of us to go home on a visit and not all of us."

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 63)

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. euphonious (u-fō'nee-us) | f) Pleasing in sound; good-sounding. |
| 2. eupeptic (u-pep'tic) | c) Of, produced by, or having good digestion. |
| 3. euphemism (u'fu-miz'm) | i) Pleasant or "good" expression substituted for an offensive one, as "pass away" for "die." |
| 4. eupnea (yooop-nee'a) | d) Normal respiration; good breathing. |
| 5. Eucharist (u'ka-ris't) | h) Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; "to show good favor." |
| 6. eudiometer (u-di-om'e-ter) | b) Instrument for analyzing gases or to determine the purity of air. |
| 7. euphoria (u-for'ree-a) | k) A sense of well-being and buoyancy. |
| 8. evangelist (e-van'jel-ist) | j) One who spreads the good message of Christianity. |
| 9. euthanasia (u-tha-na'zhi-a) | a) Sin of mercy killing; "good death." |
| 10. euthenics (u-then'iks) | l) Study of the means of bettering living conditions. |
| 11. eugenic (u-jen'ik) | e) Pertaining to good offspring. |
| 12. eulogize (u'lo-jize) | g) To speak well of; to praise, extol. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

Every Man in the Right Job

With all their shortcomings, placement tests are the best means we have for keeping square pegs out of round holes

IN AN AIRY, nurserylike room, a little boy innocently slipped a collection of round, square, and triangular pegs into round, square, and triangular holes. When he had finished, a uniformed woman snapped her stop watch and turned to his mother. "Splendid," she said. "Two minutes, eight seconds. He will go into the 'fast' section of nursery school."

At the age of three, our tiny friend had weathered his first encounter with Testing and Placement. At six, he was back again. Easily spotting a fish as the odd note in a group of land animals, neatly manipulating small objects with a pair of tweezers, he was assigned to a fast section of first grade.

By the time he was 14, the boy had matched synonymous words, pushed buttons, and guided a pencil through a maze of lines some 50 times. His card, whizzing through the bureau's scoring machine, came out punched "hi math mech" (outstanding in mathematical and mechanical aptitude).

Up till now he had played the

game. But when the bureau told him that he would be assigned to a high-school section headed for training in engineering, he balked. "But I don't want to be an engineer," he told a shocked official. "It makes no difference," that gentleman replied. "The tests show that's where you belong and that's where you'll have to go."

And so he did. In college he was channeled into electronic engineering. After college, a big electronics firm gave him a series of tests which showed that he possessed creative talent. The firm assigned him to a division which dreamed up new applications for electronic gadgets. There he spent the rest of his working life.

Fanciful as this particular saga of cradle-to-grave testing may be, many Americans profess to see just such a time coming. To bolster their belief, they point to statistics.

Some 122 million test booklets and answer sheets were sold to schools last year, 50% more than in 1954. That is enough to give three tests to every U. S. school and college student.

*444 Madison Ave., New York City 22. July 20, 1959. © 1959 by Newsweek, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

In business and industry, a bewildering variety of tests will be given this year. New York's Psychological Corp., a test publisher, supplied 400,000 clerical-job-applicant tests in 1958 to firms ranging from banks to laundries, and helped some 160 concerns to evaluate about 1,000 employees for promotion or transfer to other jobs.

Science Research Associates of Chicago serviced some 10,700 business clients, three times as many as in 1949. Among them was a St. Louis cafeteria chain which gave tests to dishwashers and janitors, whose work, it seems, is becoming increasingly specialized.

In government, an estimated 5 million tests will be given this year by the Civil Service. The army, which already gives the Armed Forces Qualification test to every


soldier (136,000 last year), has recently developed some 120 special proficiency tests, and within three or four years expects to have three tests covering every one of its 800 types of jobs for enlisted men.

Next spring, a nationwide sampling of 500,000 students will begin in 1,400 high schools. Sponsored by the U. S. Office of Education, it will be followed by four follow-up campaigns over the next 20 years.

Some educators worry about where all this testing will take us. Frederick M. Raubinger, New Jersey state commissioner of education, for one, condemns the forthcoming high-school sampling as "threatening a blight of uniformity" in American education. But president Henry Chauncey of Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J., disagrees. "To say that there is some Machia-

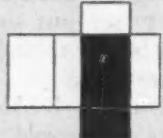
For Answers See Box on Page 90

ABSTRACT REASONING: Which one of these five figures completes the series at left?




A B C D E

SPACE RELATIONS: Which of these figures can be made with the pattern at left?




A B C D E

MECHANICAL REASONING: In the drawing at left, which shaft turns most slowly?



Which table, in the drawing at right, is more likely to break?



A B

Courtesy of "Newsweek"

vellian plot to impose a mechanized, punch-card world on us is ridiculous. The great human tragedy of the misfit is not just that of the odd person for whom there is no place, but that of the normal person in a role for which he is not fitted."

Testing has come a long way since that day when Alfred Binet administered the first intelligence test in 1905. Despite a startling variety of forms and aims, tests now fall into three general classes: achievement, aptitude, and personality tests.

The achievement test is designed to measure how much a person has learned. The College Entrance Examination Board tests given to a half-million high-school seniors this year consist of hour-long multiple-choice exams that in many cases call for more than a good memory. One critic of the tests says, "I want to have a student for a while in my classroom. I want to see what he writes and says and does, now and later. Then I'll tell you if he's any good."

All agree that no test ever can replace personal attention. Consequently, the testers are continually trying to improve the "sophistication" of their tests.

On one old college-entrance exam, a physics question read: "The process by which a ray of light is broken up into a spectrum by a prism is called (a) refraction, (b) diffusion, (c) reflection, (d) diffraction, (e) dispersion."

"Any student who had simply learned the definition of refraction,"

says Robert J. Solomon, assistant director of test development at ETS, "could check answer (b). Not much real education was required."

Today the same question, as drafted by an ETS committee of educators and scientists, has evolved into this: "A ray of light is broken up into a spectrum by a prism *because*" and then offers a choice of several replies. All are correct statements of fact, but only one bears on the question. "To answer this," says Solomon, "a student would have to have mastered at least a chapter in his textbook, not just a definition."

The aptitude test is best known to millions of Americans by the cryptic initials IQ, which followed them around through their childhood. Now there is a shift away from the idea that a single IQ is a satisfactory measurement of ability. "Early intelligence tests," explains Psych Corp.'s research director Charles R. Langmuir, "had everything in them—some vocabulary, some numerical reasoning, some matching of geometric figures. You added up a combined score and came out with a single figure—mental age, IQ, or whatever you wanted to call it. Today we realize that there are important differences between persons who might appear to have the same intelligence."

The new approach is found in Psych Corp.'s Differential Aptitude test (see chart), now in use in several thousand school systems. In this, Langmuir says, "We regard each

kind of problem—mechanical, language, and so on—as a little test in itself. The result is a 'profile' that evaluates a student in many areas of ability."

The usefulness of aptitude tests was proved during the 2nd World War. The Armed Forces Qualification test was given to 14 million men. Since then tests have been gaining favor in every area of life, especially in firms with big defense contracts, which may have to set up a staff overnight for a new project.

When General Electric, for example, landed a contract for developing re-entry vehicles three years ago, it established a new Missile and Space Vehicle department. "We had to hire 1,400 people in six months," recalls Logan Cowles, the department's manager of nose-cone engineering. "We needed 700 highly skilled scientists and engineers alone. We were hiring engineers at the rate of 55 a month."

What GE did was to screen applicants with standard tests provided by Psych Corp., supplemented by interviews with professional psychologists lasting two to three hours. Aided by these findings, the department made final placements which Cowles said "turned out very well, although we made some mistakes."

In their urge to slot every man in his particular pigeonhole, the aptitude testers have concocted some devices that are so futuristic as to be almost comical. Take Psych Corp.'s Logical Analysis device. Its sole aim

is to discover how logically a person can approach a problem. Nine push buttons are arranged in a circle around a bull's-eye light. The problem is to make the central light go on by finding increasingly intricate combinations of buttons, which must be pushed in systematic order. The machine, which has been used on about 1,000 subjects, has proved valuable in the selection of programmers for complex computing machines.

Psych Corp. is dreaming of machines to pinpoint things like williness to take risks. "Not gambling, exactly," research director Langmuir explains, "but the kind of calculated risk a businessman would have to take in deciding to open a new plant or put out a new product."

The best aptitude tests yet developed still fall short in one major respect. "They tell us reasonably accurately what a man can do," says one test expert, "but they don't tell us how well he will do it."

The personality test is designed to fill this gap. It attempts to uncover such characteristics as drive and ambition, which spark ability into action. It is here, test-builders agree,

ANSWERS

Abstract reasoning: D
Space relations: A, C, E
Mechanical reasoning:
Shaft speed: A
Breaking table: B

that the next break-through in testing must come.

The big drawback of every paper-and-pencil personality test is that all are basically self-analyses, and consequently are subject to cheating. In their simplest form, such "personality inventories" present a list of adjectives (*ambitious, courageous, spiritual*, for instance). The subject is asked to check the ones which apply to him. Any reasonably bright person can quickly spot the adjectives that would impress most employers.

Probably the most sophisticated personality test on the market today is a Psych Corp. battery of 225 sets of statements of preference, ranging from punctuality and orderliness to loyalty and ambition. Yet even this test, admits Psych Corp. vice president Harold Seashore, "suffers from the weakness of all such inventories." Despite its careful construction, replies can be faked.

Faced with the seeming impossibility of formulating an unbeatable paper-and-pencil test of over-all personality, test-builders are leaning toward tests aimed at particular areas of personality.

Science Research Associates, in Chicago, has developed an elaborate set of tests, requiring a skilled psychologist 16 hours to administer and designed to uncover creative ability in scientists and engineers. The still unnamed package has been given trial runs by eight major concerns, and is expected to go on the market

soon. SRA's industrial division director, Arthur E. Oriel, reports that more than 100 concerns have indicated interest in using it, at a cost of \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year for an average of ten hirings.

To determine executive ability, ETS is at work with an advisory council representing such firms as AT&T, IBM, and Westinghouse, on an "in-basket" project which, under simulated office conditions, would present a prospective executive with a hypothetical but intricate management problem. The letters he writes, the make-believe conferences he arranges, the tasks he delegates, would indicate his aptitude for the job.

But with all the recent refinements of educational and industrial testing, some authorities are very much concerned about the misuse of evaluation methods. "The biggest problem today is not the tests themselves," says Dr. Seashore of Psych Corp. "It is getting a supply of competent professionals to interpret the tests. For every \$500 a school spends on the tests themselves, it should spend \$15,000 on salaries for personnel to supervise and interpret them."

However much we deplore the passing of the person-to-person element, it is unrealistic to look back to the good old days when informal interviews, personal hunch, or a letter of recommendation could place a man in a school or a job. Testing, with its cool reliance on the democracy of scores, is here to stay.

By ✠ René Fourrey
Condensed from "The Curé d'Ars: a
Pictorial Biography"



The Parish Priest of Ars

*St. Jean-Marie-Baptiste Vianney still
keeps his admirers on the move*

FATHER JEAN-MARIE-BAPTISTE VIANNEY, the famous Curé of Ars, once naively remarked to a parishioner in his little French village, "They should bury me in the church near to the altar, so that priests who come here to say Mass will think, 'So here is that poor little curé who kept so many people on the move.'"

The little Curé does indeed rest in the church at Ars, not under the flagstones but in a superb shrine. He died a hundred years ago, but he still keeps people on the move. Now priests come from far-distant lands to celebrate Mass in his church.

Jean-Marie Vianney was proclaimed venerable by Pius IX in 1872, beatified by Pius X in 1905, and canonized by Pius XI in 1925. In 1929 he was proclaimed patron

saint of all parish priests of the world. This year he was the subject of the second encyclical of John XXIII's reign.

Humanly speaking, Jean-Marie Vianney made a poor start. In his old age he joked about it: "I believe my real vocation was to remain a herdsman all my life."

He was born at Dardilly, near Lyons, of country folk. At an early age he was greatly distressed by the state of the Church in France.

As a 13-year-old boy, in 1799, he made his first Communion behind closed shutters in a house guarded by a group of peasants. It was then that the idea of becoming a priest seized him. "If I were to be a priest one day, I should want to win over many souls to God," he said.

But circumstances were against him. He acceded to his parents' wish and became a farmhand. He had no schooling. When he finally started bookwork at the school run by Fa-

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ther Balley, his parish priest, his untrained intelligence and rusty memory refused to function properly.

Young Vianney nearly gave up studying for the priesthood. But fortunately his teacher induced him to continue. At long last he reached the junior seminary at Verrières in 1812. He plodded along, greatly disconcerted by philosophical principles he could not grasp.

The following year, at the seminary of Saint-Irénée at Lyons, things got worse. His teachers found him so disappointing that at the end of six months they sent him home. In the register containing the names of the young seminarists, the standard reached is indicated by the letters A, B, C, D. Few D's were given. But Vianney's D has a bar through it to show it was irrevocable. And beside it is written, "Sent back to his parish priest."

In spite of all, Father Balley still wanted his protégé to become a priest. He undertook to train him in elementary theology himself. Later, the diocesan examiners let young Vianney through.

"Father Balley was a saint," declared the Curé of Ars in later years. "But there is one thing he will have had to answer for before God—having me admitted to Holy Orders."

Jean-Marie passed the successive grades, and at the age of 29 he was ordained by Bishop Simon of Grenoble on Aug. 13, 1815.

After two years as curate at Ecully, where Father Balley put him

through the last stages of his training, he was appointed priest-in-charge at Ars, a parish of 230 souls. He arrived there on Feb. 13, 1818. But it was not long before he was complaining, "I have nothing to do here; alas, I fear I shall be damned here."

As one biographer puts it, "Soon after he came to Ars, he began to long to give it up, and this longing possessed him for nearly 40 years."

"You have no idea what it is like to have to pass on from a parish to God's judgment seat," he said. "I should not like to die a curé."

Several times he tried to leave Ars. In 1820, the diocese of Lyons named him parish priest of Salles in Beaujolais, a village of 300 souls. He was within an ace of going there. But the flooding of the river Saone held up the move, and then the pleas of the local people won the day. He stayed at Ars.

His fame as a confessor grew with each year. Penitents poured into Ars to have him hear their confessions.

"The first time I went into the church at Ars," recalled Father Du-four, a diocesan missionary, "there were two lines of penitents, starting at Our Lady's chapel and stretching across to St. John the Baptist's, where Father Vianney heard confessions. I never saw a break in those two lines."

The Curé had his regular time-table. He came to the church at 2 A.M.—in the winter at three—and heard confessions until six, when he cele-

brated Mass. After that he went into the sacristy and signed pictures people brought him, a task he disliked but which his admirers insisted on. At about eight o'clock he heard men's confessions, sometimes in the sacristy, sometimes behind the choir, till eleven. At about two he returned to the confessional. When evening came his work was still not over. As many as 80 people might spend the night in or near the church porch to keep their places in the queue for the next morning.

Of the 18 or 20 hours which made up his working day, he took time off only to say his office, celebrate Mass, and have the semblance of a meal at midday. On an average he spent 15 hours a day in the confessional. Although worn out by fasting, infirmities, and lack of rest, he kept up these long sessions in the confessional till the end of his life.

It was said that he sometimes could read the minds of penitents. One man made a mistake over the number of years since his last confession. The Curé pointed out that he was wrong; it was in fact so many years ago, he said. The man took out his pencil and did the sum on the wall. He had to admit that the Curé was right.

Another pilgrim came to consult the Curé about his wife's illness. In order to win the priest's confidence, he went to the confessional planning to make a faked confession. At his first words, the Curé closed the shutter, saying, "Come back tomor-

row." Although extremely annoyed, the man came again next day. The same thing happened: "Come back tomorrow." The next day he tried once more to start his false confession. "Friend," said the priest, "your insolence towards God and towards me has gone far enough." He went on to mention details of a crime for which the man had served a term in prison; he also told him how he had been wounded once, giving the name of the road where the incident had happened. The man, utterly nonplused, at last made a sincere confession.

Sometimes the Curé simply sent away penitents who could do without his ministry. Father Claude Rougemont, a diocesan missionary, tells of some Marist nuns who came to consult the Curé on some matter affecting their Community. When they asked to go to confession, he said, "You do not need to, and we can save the time for those who do."

After receiving absolution, his penitents went away with their minds set at rest; surprised perhaps at the lightness of the penance he imposed on them, never dreaming that their confessor intended to supplement it liberally on his own person.

Once he was asked his advice on how to treat certain penitents; about how much should be required of them, taking into consideration both the reparation to be made and what they were capable of in their weakness. "I will tell you my recipe: I

give them a small penance and do the rest for them."

The Curé did not confine himself to giving absolution: many sinners needed counsel. He sketched a line of action for them. More than once, to put heart into those who had to wage strenuous warfare against their own natures, he naïvely gave himself as example, saying "that they should not be afraid; he himself had been tempted in that respect, too." And he added, "Anyone who has not been tempted to sin against humility or chastity does not know what spiritual life is."

He abandoned his confessional only five days before his death on Aug. 4, 1859. Some penitents managed to break in on him as he lay on his deathbed. They wanted a last absolution from him. One witness reported that the old priest was so weak he could hardly speak. Yet he still heard the confessions of some penitents who were brought into his room.

The Curé was always fond of a joke at his own expense. Those who knew him best said that his looks didn't do him any particular credit. His face was pallid and angular, his body frail, his height below average, his walk heavy, his manner timid and awkward. Apart from his ascetical air and the bright expression of his eyes, there was nothing about him to attract attention.

On first meeting him many people expressed surprise; some were openly disconcerted. A lady from Paris

exclaimed, "The Curé of Ars—is *that* all?" He overheard the remark and replied graciously, "The Queen of Sheba expected too little, but you, madam, expected too much."

With his abashed memories of his difficulties at school, he preferred people to take him for a man without any natural endowments. It was his joke to compare himself to Bordin, the village idiot. "He does what has to be done," he said, "but among other people he is a dunce. I think I am like that among other curés."

A neighbor of his, Father Dubouis, parish priest of Fareins, tells how the Curé once said, "Today I met a grand lady from Paris who put me in my place. 'I came,' said she, 'to hear a good sermon, but there are much better sermons to be heard elsewhere.' 'Quite true,' I told her. 'I am not very learned, but if you will do all I tell you, God will still have mercy on you.'"

"Father," said one lady, "I have been here three days and I have still not had a chance to speak to you." "In paradise, my child," he replied. "We'll talk in paradise."

Another began, "I have come 200 leagues to see you." "It wasn't worth coming so far just for that," he said.

And again, "Father, I still haven't been able to see you!" "You haven't missed much." "Father, just one word!" "My child, you have already said a dozen words."

His assistant priest, Father Raymond, "used to preach very long sermons," reports Father Renard, Fa-

ther Vianney's predecessor at Ars. A priest who went to the other extreme remarked one day, "*Monsieur le Curé*, do tell your assistant not to preach such long sermons; he puts his congregation to sleep." "Ah," he said, "he puts them into an ecstasy, but you do not even give them time to sit down."

When Monsignor Chalandon, Bishop of Belley, appointed him a canon, he refused to wear his canon's cape. One of the missionaries teased him about it. "You see," he retorted, "I'm sharper than people give me credit for; they were hoping to make fun of me; and now I have caught them out."

"But you really ought to wear it, out of regard for your bishop. You are the only one he desired to honor in this way. He didn't give any more after yours." "Well," the Curé explained, "he was mistaken once and did not want to repeat his mistake."

When Napoleon III made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor (an empty title in his eyes, since there was no remuneration attached which he could use for his poor) he received a visit from the prefect of the department and the general in command. The dignitaries did not impress him: "Just bodies and souls."

The demands of some pilgrims were a great trial to him. A collector of relics once cut off a bit of his hair

on the sly, whereupon the Curé confessed to his friends that if he had not feared to offend God he would have boxed the pilgrim's ears.

It was enough to meet him in his shabby clothes, with his old patched cassock, his seedy hat under his arm, his unpolished shoes, to know what his attitude was towards worldly possessions.

"To my knowledge, he got rid of everything he had," said one villager. "I think that at first he mended his own socks. Some people who wanted to have his cassock when it was quite worn out gave us money to buy a new one, and we let them take the old one. We were careful not to let him have the money, because he would have given it away. We bought the new cassock for him."

To draw attention away from himself, the Curé gave prominence to St. Philomena, whom he called "his deputy before God." He named the pilgrimage to his church after this little-known Roman saint: it was she who was supposed to attract the amazing concourse of people who flocked there.

But the pilgrims themselves saw things in a different light. They wanted to meet the parish priest, to see him and to speak to him. Some came out of mere curiosity, but most were driven by the desire "to see God in a man."



It's easy to see through most people, unless you sit behind them at a movie. Dan Bennett.

By Bernard Seeman

Condensed from "The New York Times Magazine"

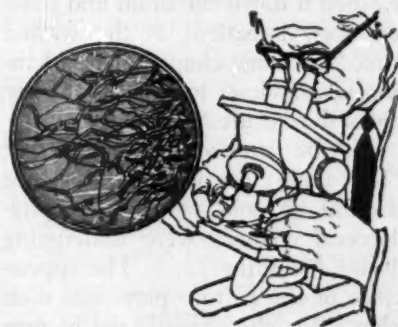
Coming: More Wonderful Wonder Drugs

The "venturesome spore" that drifted through a London window back in 1928 is saving a constantly increasing number of human beings

THIS YEAR we stand at the threshold of another great triumph over our oldest and deadliest foe: the disease microbe. The first, the discovery of penicillin, opened the way into the antibiotics age. Now scientists have found means of creating countless variations of man-made penicillin, with potentials of healing far beyond the range of present-day antibiotics.

In London a team of young British scientists, headed by Dr. G. N. Rolinson and F. P. Daly, successfully isolated the chemical heart of the penicillin molecule, making it possible to build new penicillins upon the basic natural core of the wonder drug.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. John C. Sheehan, using chemicals off the shelf, was able to "tailor-make" penicillins in the test tube, not only duplicating the incredible chemical structure of the molds that manufacture penicillin but actually improving it.



Thus the antibiotics revolution, which stirred slowly into motion on a day in the late summer of 1928, moves a giant step forward.

On that summer day in 1928 occurred one of the great events in human history. The venturesome spore of a tiny mold drifted through a London window and settled by chance in a saucerlike dish. The errant mold was *Penicillium notatum*, and the dish contained a culture of *staphylococcus bacilli*, the organisms responsible for boils and a vast number of other infections. The window opened into the laboratory of bacteriologist Alexander Fleming, then 47, the shaggy-browed son of a Scots farmer, and a man totally dedicated to the job of finding a way to help the human body fight infection.

*229 W. 43d St., New York City 36. May 24, 1959. © 1959 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

When Fleming started to prepare the culture for microscopic examination, he noticed that it had been contaminated by a blue-green mold. Many researchers before and since, seeing a contaminated culture, have washed it down the drain and started over, impatient at the wasted time. But some chance made Fleming take a closer look before he got rid of the culture.

To his surprise, he noticed that "for some considerable distance around the mold growth, the staphylococcal colonies were undergoing lysis (dissolution). . . . The appearance of the culture plate was such that I thought it should not be neglected. I had not the slightest suspicion that I was at the beginning of something extraordinary."

Tests confirmed that the mold was somehow able to inhibit or destroy a significant number of man-killing microbes. How did the mold do this? Fleming concluded that it produced an antibiotic substance as part of its natural biochemical processes. To this substance he gave the name "penicillin."

Fleming's conclusion was no guess-work. Pasteur had already shown that some microbes are antagonistic to other microbes. The most prolific makers of these antibiotic substances are the tiny molds, so numerous that as many as 50 million may crowd into a clump of earth no larger than a pea. These multitudes of bacteria are in deadly competition for space and food with

other microorganisms, and carry on a ceaseless microbial warfare.

Hoping that his "penicillin" was as harmless to people as it was deadly to disease microbes, Fleming drew off the brown liquid in which his mold grew and injected it into rabbits and mice. The results exceeded his soaring hopes. Not only was the murky fluid a potent killer of bacteria, but it left the rabbits and mice unharmed. Fleming then tried the substance on samples of human blood. Again, although bacteria were destroyed, the blood was undamaged.

Sensing that he was on the verge of a tremendous discovery, Fleming began a new series of tests. But he found that the crude penicillin extract was neither stable nor consistent. Some tests, while successful, were not especially impressive. Others, while they produced spectacular results, could not be repeated.

Fleming published his findings in the *British Journal of Experimental Pathology* in June, 1929, but they created no great excitement. In his laboratory, however, Fleming kept alive the *Penicillium notatum* culture for experimental use. Then, in 1938, came another peculiar twist of fate.

An Austrian-born scientist, Dr. Howard W. Florey, investigating the body's defenses against disease, became fascinated by bacterial antagonisms. While doing research at Oxford university he stumbled on a copy of the journal containing Flem-

ing's original paper. The paper set his imagination afire.

Obtaining a sample of Fleming's mold, Florey and a brilliant team which included his physician wife, Dr. Mary Florey and Dr. Ernst B. Chain, a refugee chemist from Berlin, went to work. They grew the penicillium mold in hundreds of flasks and, after months of heart-breaking labor, were finally able to extract from the mold broth a small amount of powder that looked like crude brown sugar. Tiny flecks of the powder were dropped on culture plates laden with death-dealing bacteria. The result was a microbial massacre.

The success was almost too staggering to be believed. But test after test confirmed the potency of the still crude extract of penicillin.

However, to produce even a small amount of penicillin required vast expenditures of time, labor, and money. And the 2nd World War had broken out, absorbing the bulk of Britain's facilities, finances, and manpower. But by the winter of 1941, one precious teaspoonful of the brown powder had been extracted, and Florey and his group were ready for the first test on an ailing human being.

The first patient was chosen with care. He was a 43-year-old London policeman, dying of a flaring infection that had overwhelmed him despite all treatment, even with the latest sulfa drugs. For five days, while the *Luftwaffe* rained bombs

outside, a penicillin solution dripped slowly into a vein of the dying policeman. The patient was almost well, the abscesses were resolving, the fever gone, when the penicillin ran out. In all the world there wasn't a speck of it to be had. The infection flared again and the policeman died.

Despite this tragic end, two things had been proved: first, that penicillin was effective in certain stubborn infections, and second, that it could be administered to humans without causing toxic reactions. All that was needed was enough penicillin.

Florey and his group went to work to produce what they hoped would be enough penicillin for a second try. This time the patient was a boy of 15, dying from an infected wound following surgery. Again for five days, the penicillin dripped into the boy's blood. This time it was enough, and the boy recovered.

Meanwhile, as war casualties mounted, the incessant demands of the armed forces for standard drugs left little opportunity for the production of penicillin. So Florey and one of his chief associates, Dr. Norman Heatley, went to the U.S. with a sample of their precious culture.

They set to work at the U.S. Agriculture department's northern regional research laboratory in Peoria, Ill., where some of America's best microbiologists were working. There they turned over all they had learned about penicillin as well as their precious tube of *Penicillium notatum*, directly descended from the vagrant

spore that had blown through Fleming's window.

The great problem was mass production. The scientists decided to attack the problem from two directions. One team would try to find a strain of penicillium mold that would produce more penicillin. The other team would try to find a nutrient broth that would stimulate the mold into greater production.

The solutions to both problems, when they came, were as mysteriously accidental as was Fleming's first meeting with the mold.

Andrew Moyer, who with Kenneth Raper was in charge of the penicillin work at Peoria, decided one day to add corn-steep liquor (the fluid left after corn is soaked in water) to the broth in which the culture grew. Dr. Moyer had no practical reason for his decision; he just did it. The result was a fantastic leap forward.

Stimulated by the corn steep liquor, the mold began to produce ten times more penicillin than before. Then milk sugar was added to the nutrient broth and penicillin production jumped further still. But even these increases were not enough.

A major drawback was the fact that the mold flourished only on the surface of the nutrient fluids. To make mass production possible, the molds would have to flourish in huge vats—and not just on the surface, but submerged as well. Unfortunately, neither Fleming's nor any

other available culture would grow beneath the surface.

The task of finding a more productive mold was given to Dr. Raper. At his urgent request, Air Force pilots sent in samples of earth from wherever in the world their planes touched down. These were screened for *Penicillia*, which were then isolated and tested. None proved any better than the original, and failure followed failure in disheartening succession.

One day, while he was walking through a Peoria market, Dr. Raper's eye was drawn to a moldy cantaloupe. On a hunch, he picked it up, took it to the laboratory, and tested the mold. It was a *Penicillium* and it would grow submerged. Large-scale production of penicillin could at last begin.

By the time D Day dawned over Normandy in 1944, there was already enough penicillin on hand to treat all severe casualties, both British and American. The mold that had drifted through Fleming's window in 1928 had finally produced the antibiotics revolution.

Fleming, who died in 1955, was knighted for his monumental work, as was Florey. And both of them, together with Dr. Chain, of Florey's research team, were awarded the Nobel Prize in 1945.

Since 1945, antibiotics have vastly increased man's power to save lives. More infants and mothers survive the hazards of childbirth. Deaths from infectious diseases be-

tween the ages of one and four have been all but eliminated. Overall life expectancy has been increased. Fatalities from tuberculosis, diphtheria, whooping cough, meningitis, scarlet fever, pneumonia, syphilis, and dysentery have been reduced more than 60%.

But few victories are ever complete, and man's triumph over the microbe is no exception. This became grimly apparent by 1957, when hospital epidemics of antibiotic-resistant staphylococcus infections took an alarming rise.

Microbes multiply at an incredibly rapid rate and, under the pressure of natural selection produced by the new drugs, antibiotic-resistant mutants were bound to turn up. And man helped speed this process by a tendency to over-use the antibiotics.

The new drugs were so effective in curbing such a wide range of ailments that some harried doctors would not bother to make clear diagnoses and prescribe specific treatments. Instead, they dosed with antibiotics. And in a number of situations, particularly in crowded and understaffed hospitals, strict antiseptic and hygienic procedures were sometimes relaxed, since, it was felt, the antibiotics could control infection. Now doctors realize that the antibiotics can only support sound medical procedures and hygienic practices; they cannot replace them.

Thanks in part to newer antibiotics to which resistance has not yet developed, the bacterial uprising is

gradually coming under control. The microbiologists and the biochemists, however, face a constant battle in developing a continuing flow of new antibiotics, so that man can keep at least one step ahead of the resistant mutations.

A new danger, perhaps as great as bacterial resistance, must also be dealt with. Previously harmless microbes have suddenly become producers of serious and often fatal diseases.

With the antibiotics wiping out vast populations of harmful bacteria, the natural balance is upset. Certain bacteria, previously kept in check by the presence of the other microbes, suddenly are free to multiply at an explosive rate within the human organs they normally inhabit, causing massive infections where before they had lived harmlessly under control.

Hence the great importance of the announcements from London and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. For these two techniques not only will enable us to stay ahead of the mutating microbes and make our victory over disease more secure by checking the newly dangerous ones; they also give us a number of other advantages which are almost as revolutionary as the original discovery of penicillin.

Both achievements make it possible to produce endless variations of penicillin. Ailments hitherto untouched by antibiotic treatment might now fall to specially designed penicillins. For example, penicillins

might be created to deal with virus diseases, for most of which no specific treatment exists at present. Penicillins might even be constructed to restrain the development of certain types of cancer. The possibilities seem almost endless.

There is a further advantage. A small but significant number of people are allergic to penicillin. Both the British and American develop-

ments now make it possible to create penicillins which can safely be used by such people.

Let us give thanks that the late Sir Alexander Fleming had his window open, that Sir Howard W. Florey stumbled on Fleming's forgotten paper, that Andrew Moyer thought of corn-steep liquor, and that Kenneth Raper's eye was caught by a moldy cantaloupe.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

One windy and rainy Saturday afternoon in Rome, I came out of St. John Lateran's to find a very old and wet Dominican priest trying vainly to hail a taxi. Since I had my car nearby, I off-handedly offered to drive the priest to his destination. He was going to the Angelicum university, which happily was near my own house. Along the way, we chatted about events in Rome, and I mentioned that I had been trying to get admission tickets to the forthcoming promulgation of the dogma of the Assumption, but without success.

I explained that although I was not a Catholic, I knew enough about the Church to realize that the ceremony would be quite out of the ordinary, and I was extremely interested in seeing it.

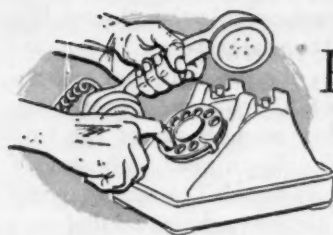
I suppose that I must have spoken with more enthusiasm than I realized, for the priest offered to "see what he could do" about getting me tickets, and took down my name and address. A few days later, I received in the mail two tickets to the ceremony.

Imagine my surprise when, upon entering St. Peter's, I was escorted to the seats reserved for the diplomatic corps! And imagine my even greater surprise when, during the ceremony, I saw my old Dominican friar in close attendance upon the late Pope Pius XII!

When I returned home, I studied the signature on the letter which had accompanied the tickets. It read: "Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P." My benefactor was none other than the Master of the Sacred Palace, and one of the most famous of modern Catholic theologians.

Guy de Valcourt.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]



Phone Call to a Saint

Recorded messages are bringing aid and comfort to millions of persons in some 60 communities

THE CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN of one big Chicago hospital knows a sure-fire way to cheer up despondent patients. He slips them a note: "Call WEBster 9-1515."

The puzzled patient who dials this number is in for a pleasant surprise. "This is Lives of the Saints," a warm voice greets him. The speaker (actually it's a recording) continues for precisely one minute, describing the highlights of a particular saint's life.

"After listening to one of the messages," the chaplain says, "a patient will usually forget some of his own discomfort."

"Lives of the Saints" is a unique telephone service that started experimentally in the Chicago archdiocese a couple of years ago. The idea of bringing inspiration into thousands of homes by phone has pleased both Catholics and non-Catholics. The service gradually spread to 60 other communities in four Midwestern states. It now includes such busy cities as Detroit (WOODward 2-9911) and St. Louis (GARfield 1-4775); plans for Milwaukee are in the works. Altogether, about 6 million

people have called one or another of these numbers.

The program is the brain child and copyrighted property of Robert W. Ward, a 35-year-old former radio executive. Some years ago Ward hit upon the telephone as a novel way to earn a living. He has since dreamed up a half-dozen different phone services.

Ward's first telephone service was an aid to shoppers looking for bargains. A housewife could dial a certain number to hear a recorded voice describe various items on sale in downtown stores. Needless to say, the store owners paid Ward to mention their names and products.

Ward's other ventures in packaged telephone messages include "Dial a Dinner," by which a housewife can receive suggestions for unusual menus; "Market News," which gives daily stock-market quotations; and "Birthday Greeting," a big hit with office workers. A lonely stenographer, quietly observing a birthday, might find on her desk a memo to call a certain number. Upon dialing, she'd be startled by a big male chorus lustily singing "Happy Birthday to

You!" This number received a phenomenal 1 million calls in its first year.

But the "Lives of the Saints" phone service has been largely a labor of love for Bob Ward. Its only income is derived from business-firm sponsors—a bank, a statuary company, a dairy, and an insurance company—who receive one-sentence mentions on the recordings. Their interest stems more from a sense of public service than from any expectations of business. Frequently they forego their commercials in favor of suggestions like "Give to your local mental-health chapter," or "Contribute to the St. Joseph's hospital fund today."

Costs of leasing the automatic phone-answering equipment and recording devices, plus office expenses, consume most of this program's revenue, but Ward doesn't mind.

In his youth Bob spent three years at a preparatory seminary before realizing that he did not have a vocation. Today he is happily married, and has ten children ranging in age from one to 14 years.

Ward often considered how he could put the telephone to work for his Church. When the idea for "Lives of the Saints" struck him, he took it straight to the chancery office. The late Cardinal Stritch was delighted, and encouraged Ward to go ahead.

"A thousand details had to be ironed out," Ward says. "Scripts had to be prepared; the technique of re-

cording the talks took time to master; good speakers had to be selected. We learned by trial and error."

Today the programs run smoothly. The Chicago arrangement alone, using four telephone lines, can handle 240 calls an hour without issuing a busy signal. The recording machines are so synchronized that each caller gets a complete message from beginning to end.

Messages average 100 words, and each lasts about 60 seconds. They are prepared by some 70 priests who write and narrate the scripts. Usually the recording describes the saint whose particular feast day is being celebrated. Since there are about 27,000 saints whose lives have been written about—averaging more than 50 for a single day—the priests do a lot of research before selecting their subjects. For a time, three well-known Catholic writers collaborated on some of the material. Both the priests and the writers prefer to remain anonymous.

Most messages are composed in pithy phrases and end with an encouraging note. For instance: "Today, May 26, we celebrate the feast of St. Philip Neri. People who imagine that sanctity consists in going around with an embalmed smile should look at St. Philip Neri, a most happy saint. Philip Neri believed that health demands a happy mind. That's what he had—and it welled up from a soul deep in the love of God. St. Philip Neri is a heavenly friend upon whom you can

call for cheer in moments when you feel you've lost all your friends."

Because many callers are known to be non-Catholics, the messages are carefully edited to guard against the possibility of seeming to slight any other religion. All messages go through a final screening by a group of Catholic theologians before being distributed to program directors in the different cities and towns.

Occasionally, in place of a saint's life, a dramatic historical anecdote is related, such as this one. "It has been 20 years since the city of Burgos, Spain, was captured from the communists. The Spaniards, in thanksgiving to our Lady, made her a crown of lead. It was made of bullets taken from the bodies of soldiers who died taking the town! This crown today adorns the head of Mary, Queen of Martyrs, in Burgos cathedral.

"During the Spanish Civil war, Burgos was bombed often. Twelve times, bombs crashed through the church roof. They fell at the feet of Mary's image, but not one exploded! The 12 unexploded bombs stand today in a circle around the base of the statue."

To stimulate interest in the saints' programs, Ward sometimes inserts classified ads in newspapers: "For inspiration dial WE 9-1515." Mostly, though, information is spread by word of mouth, as one delighted fan tells another.

Some community programs were slow in getting started. Others were

swamped with calls almost at once. The saints' program of Joliet, Ill., for instance, with a total population of 60,000 persons, receives a quarter of a million calls each year.

The St. Louis program got off to a good start on Aug. 29, 1958, after the *Globe-Democrat* announced it in a front-page news story. Equipped to handle 3,000 calls to this number a day, the phone company reported 30,000 busy signals! The demand has since leveled off to an average 2,500 calls daily.

Ward wishes he knew more about the people who dial WE 9-1515 and its equivalents in other communities. "Our sponsors receive hundreds of letters praising the programs," he says. "Yet few writers say much about why they call our numbers. We like to think our messages inspire people toward better living."

Some letter writers report that they call the saints' numbers every morning before leaving for work. "It helps me start the day out right," one man wrote. Harried housewives say they take a break from household chores to get a morale boost from the messages.

One woman told of her agony in living alone after the death of her husband. Sometimes she would awaken in the night, tense with anxiety and fear. "When this happens now I reach for the phone, and dial your number," she wrote. "The voice and the message comforts me. Somehow, I feel I'm not alone any more."

By Smiley Blanton, M.D., with
Arthur Gordon
Condensed from "Now or Never"

You and Your Money

*You can be happy knowing the value
of everything and the price of nothing*

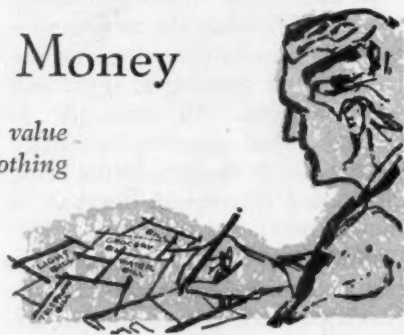
IS MONEY your servant or your master? Many people who come to me for help are in trouble because of warped money attitudes, their own or those of others.

Some persons seem to have a gift for managing money. Others are forever being made unhappy by money problems. The first group regard money as a medium of exchange, nothing more. The second group allow money to become a symbol of something else.

What this "something else" may be varies with the individual. To some, money becomes a symbol of power: they use it to bend other people to their will. To others, money becomes equated with affection; if they ask for a raise and don't get it, they feel that nobody loves them. Some guilty souls try to throw money away, because their conscience tells them that they do not deserve to have it.

To check your own money attitudes, ask yourself these questions.

1. Do you find it difficult to buy



things that you need and can well afford? 2. Are you making life drab by denying yourself or your family ordinary pleasures? 3. Do you justify such caution by a conviction that the country is going to the dogs? 4. Do your financial investments have a persistent way of turning out badly?

5. Do you often squander money? 6. Does gambling mean more to you than just occasional diversion? 7. Do you fear that, unless you work constantly to maximum capacity, disaster may overtake you? 8. Are you always giving more presents than you get, especially to people whose esteem you crave? 9. Do you think that if you just had more money, all your troubles would vanish? 10. Do you use money-making ability as a yardstick for judging people?

Behind each Yes answer lurks the possibility that to you, money has

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ceased to be merely a device for transferring purchasing power and has become equated with something else.

An unhappy woman complains to me that her husband's tight-fistedness is hurting the whole family. The difficulty in such cases is almost never lack of money; usually there is more than enough. But under the guise of "prudence" or "discipline," the one holding the purse strings is acting like a miser.

Such a person always has an array of arguments to justify his penny pinching. A depression is at hand. The value of the dollar is shrinking. His wife doesn't know how to manage money. His children are spend-thrifts. If all else fails, he will fall back on the ancient and incontestable statement: "Money doesn't grow on trees, you know!"

We psychiatrists believe that adult personality traits are reflections of patterns formed in childhood. Babies and small children are completely self-centered. They resent any delay in the gratification of their desires, or any exercise of outside authority. A child's first serious conflict usually arises when his parents require him to mind. This training may be too harsh. Then impressions are made on the receptive clay of his personality that may persist, disguised, throughout his adult life. If the child resents parental attempts at regulation strongly enough, he will refuse to cooperate. In later life, these retentive characteristics are

likely to produce miserly attitudes.

I know a very wealthy woman who saves string and cardboard boxes; she has two rooms full of them. The reason she gives, quite seriously, is that she may need them some day. Her little quirk is harmless enough, but carried to extremes it might produce one of those appalling cases of filthy, junk-crammed houses occupied by fear-ridden recluses who save everything from old newspapers to empty bottles.

Such people didn't get that way overnight. Had they learned early to think in terms of giving rather than of getting or keeping, they would now be living much happier lives.

A classic case came to my attention not long ago. The head of the family had been forced to go to work at 12. By sheer drive and determination, he had become successful. Now he was forging through what should have been the happiest period of his life: the middle years. But he was unhappy.

He had just made a lucky investment that netted him \$10,000. But, as is so often the case, the extra money had brought misery rather than happiness.

His wife's parents came from Scotland. They had often told their daughter and their grandchildren how beautiful Scotland was, and had urged them to go there if they ever had the chance. Now the opportunity existed, but the husband insisted that he could not afford the trip. The wife and children felt that

he was being unreasonable. In the end, they brought the quarrel to me.

"If you don't take the trip," I said to the husband, "what would you do with the extra money?"

He said that he planned to invest it. This, he added, was the prudent thing to do.

"Well," I said, "it's true that you can invest it and receive an additional income of perhaps \$500 a year. But some of this will vanish in taxes. Besides, you don't really need the money. Is having this extra income more important to you than giving your wife and children the satisfaction of visiting a place they have always longed to see? Wouldn't their pleasure be worth more to you than the money? Isn't it possible that you are acting from motives you're not consciously aware of?"

He admitted that this might be so. A little probing revealed that he had always been jealous of his wife's Scottish ancestry. His own family did not have the prestige of hers, or so he thought. His lack of formal education contributed to his sense of inferiority.

He was refusing to pay for the trip because unconsciously he feared that his wife and children considered themselves superior to him, and Scotland was the symbol of that superiority. But his conscious mind saw his refusal as a wise decision based on the best interests of all concerned.

The family did go to Scotland, and came back happier and more

united than it had ever been. Why? Because a man in his middle years gained self-knowledge. That story had a happy ending. I know many that did not.

At the other end of the scale from the misers are those people who seem determined to get rid of their money. One of the most common reasons is a strong sense of guilt. One's conscience demands punishment when he has violated a moral principle.

I recall the case of a woman in her mid-30's. Her rather large fortune was handled for her by her father. Once she questioned his judgment in some transaction. He lost his temper and told her to manage her own affairs. Within a few months she had lost almost half her holdings.

The reason was not bad judgment. She felt guilty about the rift with her father and was punishing herself by getting rid of the money that had been the cause of the quarrel. When this was pointed out to her, she patched up the quarrel with her father; her affairs were soon back on an even keel.

Sometimes people will fling away their money or even sabotage their own jobs in an effort to force someone else to take care of them. A certain unmarried woman told me that she was in debt, had no job, and no friends who could help her. Her story was pathetic. Yet she seemed intelligent, well-educated, healthy.

The woman was the only child of parents who had been divorced

years before. Each parent had remarried. They had sent their daughter to good schools, and during her 20's had given her an allowance so that she could get started as a writer. But as time passed, and her writing proved unsuccessful, they urged her to get a job.

She avoided taking a job for as long as she could. When forced to go to work, she always performed badly. She would never be on time. She would fail to carry out assignments. She was always fired.

During her periods of brief employment she would indulge in foolish extravagances. She would move to an expensive apartment, or buy a car on time. Finally her father said that he was through with her. She came to me. She wanted me to persuade her father to change his mind.

The woman's ways were designed to compel her parents to give her the attention she had been denied as a child. "Look at me," she was saying in effect. "I'm so weak, so foolish, so helpless! Come and get me out of trouble. Pay attention to me, please. Give me love—even if you give it only in the form of money!" Chronologically, this woman was 37. Emotionally, she was still a bewildered child.

To most of us who earn our own livings, the idea that some people are driven by a hidden need to get rid of money may seem fantastic. But it is so. Chronic gamblers often are. On the surface they seem to be trying to make money the easy way.

Actually, they are often dominated by an unconscious desire to lose. That is why the pathological gambler almost never quits when he is ahead. It also explains some people's inability to stop gambling, even when they decide in their conscious minds that they wish to do so.

Kleptomaniacs, too, are motivated by strong unconscious impulses. Some steal hoping that they will be caught and punished for real or fancied crimes. Others wish to punish their parents by bringing disgrace upon the family. In some cases the shoplifter steals simply for profit. But when the thief doesn't need the object stolen, the chances are that hidden motives are at work.

Do you work harder than is really necessary? Are you afraid not to work so hard? If so, ask yourself why. Is it normal ambition and a natural desire to get ahead? Or is it an unreasonable fear of poverty that may have been implanted in you in childhood? Is it a conviction that money is essential to happiness? Is it to give your children things you never had? Do you sometimes attempt to use money to buy friendship? You may not be able to give conclusive answers, but at least you will be looking within yourself, and this is a step toward maturity.

It is hard for most of us to assign to money its proper value. To a man with five children, a dollar is more important than it is to a bachelor with the same income. The more money you have, the less important

it should seem to you, but this is not always the case. I am forever encountering people who, in Oscar Wilde's phrase, know the price of everything and the value of nothing.

I have a friend who will spend \$20 on a pair of theater tickets, but he will also make his wife walk five blocks in the rain rather than spend another dollar to park the car opposite the theater. I know men who persist in trying to get ten shaves out of a razor blade. Is their discomfort worth the trifling economy?

Most of us are neither kleptomaniacs nor gamblers, misers nor wastrels; nor are we likely to become such. But most of us, by taking time and thought, could learn to be wiser about money.

Countless patients have told me that if they just had more income, all their troubles would vanish. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is true that at the subsistence level, lack of money can be terrifying. But once you have an adequate income, additional money rarely solves basic problems. Indeed, I have often wondered whether extra money doesn't create more problems than it solves. As Richard

Burton said more than three centuries ago in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, the rich, rather than possessing their money, are possessed by it.

We Americans are good at making money, and there's nothing wrong with that. A man should be proud to be productive, and earning capacity is a reflection of productivity. Americans are also the most generous people on earth, and this, too, is something to be proud of. But there may well be some truth in the criticism that we are likely to judge a man primarily by the size of his bank account.

The conflict between the selflessness of the Christian ethic and the cutthroat competition of the market place is still with us, producing deep discords in the human spirit. "Time is money" say our captains of industry as they hurry to work, and they say it with such conviction that most of us agree.

But time is not money. Time is far more precious stuff. It is the one gift we all share with absolute impartiality: on any given day, no man has more of it than any other man. On the way we use time, not money, depends our true success.



EACH AGE A LENS

Charles Coburn, the octogenarian movie actor, once was asked, "Do you think if you had your life to live over again you'd make the same mistakes?"

"Certainly," he replied with his usual air of belligerent self-assurance, "but I'd start sooner."

Morris Bender,

Chicago's Hit-Run Sleuths

A special unit combines laboratory study with old-fashioned police work to trap an elusive kind of criminal

A 60-YEAR-OLD housewife, her arms loaded with groceries, started across a busy Chicago street during a break in traffic. She didn't reach the other side. A speeding gray sedan, traveling on the wrong side of the street, roared down on her. Tires shrieked as the driver jammed on his brakes. The woman was knocked high into the air, and landed in a broken heap.

Neighbors and passing motorists who ran to her aid discovered that she was already dead. When they turned to speak to the driver of the car, he was nowhere in sight.

The first police car to reach the scene put in a radio call for the city's special police Hit-Run unit. Detectives Tom Ross and Edward Pleines, the nearest H-R team in the area, were there within minutes. They quickly obtained a description of the missing car from witnesses. Then

they started cruising the area, aware that a frightened hit-run driver will often abandon his car and flee on foot.

Not far from the accident scene the two officers spotted a new gray sedan at the curb. Its left front fender was crumpled. Closer inspection revealed flecks of fresh blood on one headlight.

Ross and Pleines learned the owner's name from city registration records and went to his address. The suspect, a young carpenter, nervously denied knowledge of the accident. He insisted that his car had just been stolen. Indeed, he had just reported the theft to police by telephone.

The alibi failed to impress the two detectives; they knew that some 1,200 hit-run motorists make such false reports each year in Chicago alone. They had already determined



that the car showed no signs of forcible entry and its ignition had not been tampered with. The officers took the suspect into custody.

"We knew we had our man," says Pleines. "But it's one thing to 'know' that a person is guilty, and quite another to prove it in court. Our work had only begun."

The gray sedan was towed to the police garage for a more careful examination. Its damaged fender was photographed, as was the accident scene itself. Close-ups were made of skid marks, and tire impressions were taken. Blood was scraped from the headlight and compared by laboratory technicians with a sample of the victim's blood. They matched. The woman's clothing was vacuumed, and the dust examined microscopically. Paint flecks were found which matched the sedan's paint.

The detectives had established that the gray sedan was the death car. Now they had to put their man behind its wheel. Armed with photos of the suspect, they canvassed the neighborhood of the accident in search of reliable witnesses. Two housewives were found who remembered seeing the man among the spectators after the accident. A third person positively identified him as the driver of the death car.

But the carpenter still insisted that he was innocent. He was offered a chance to take a lie test. He agreed, but as arrangements for the polygraph were being made, he broke down and confessed.

The case marked another victory for Chicago's Hit-Run unit, a 36-man squad that has had sensational success in nabbing one of society's most elusive criminals, the motorist who hits and runs.

Hit-run accidents continue to mount throughout the U.S., especially in cities and large towns where traffic is heavy. Safety officials estimate that each year more than 600,000 persons involved in auto accidents evade their legal responsibilities.

In many communities more than one-half of such offenders go unpunished. Traffic officers are too busy handling everyday accidents to engage in full-scale investigations of hit-run cases, unless injuries or deaths are involved. But although Chicago counted a record 13,413 hit-run accidents in 1958, its H-R police squad cleared up approximately four out of five of the cases assigned to it.

The squad includes 16 detective teams, three sergeants, and one lieutenant. According to them, two advantages have helped establish their exceptional record. 1. They devote their time exclusively to hit-run cases. 2. They have available all modern facilities of a police crime laboratory.

Top police officials, however, point out that the high caliber of the squad's personnel is what really counts. In exceptionally tough cases, when no witnesses come forward and clues are scarce, every man is

able to employ old-fashioned police methods: door knocking, question asking, weary legwork. Often it's sheer legwork that leads them to their man, and the laboratory scientists that link him with the crime.

One night last April, H-R detectives Herman Dorey and Edward Collett answered a police radio report of a hit-run accident in an old residential neighborhood. A young woman had been struck down in the street by an auto that sped away. There were no witnesses except the critically injured victim, and she was unconscious.

The case looked hopeless (as many do at first), but Dorey and Collette began searching the area with flashlights. A hundred feet from where the woman had fallen, Collett picked up a piece of metal. It was a broken side-view mirror which might have been torn loose by the impact. If so, its location indicated that the fugitive's car had been traveling north.

Since the accident occurred on a side street, the officers reasoned that the driver must either live in the neighborhood or have been visiting there. They started down the street on foot, examining every parked car for a broken mirror bracket. After a half-mile search without results, Dorey and Collett returned to the accident scene. But they hadn't given up. Now they began covering the streets that ran east and west.

Four hours later, after checking more than 1,000 vehicles, the officers

spotted the car they were looking for. "It was unbelievable!" exclaims Dorey, still a little amazed. "A man came out of a building and got into this car just as we walked up. Another few minutes and he'd have been miles away."

The broken mirror matched the car's bracket. The driver was still protesting his innocence when Collette discovered bloodstains and human hair on the car's grill and hood. A few hours later, at headquarters, he was shown the lab report proving that the mirror came from his car. He admitted the crime.

What makes an ordinarily law-abiding citizen flee the scene of an accident? Sergeant Jim Rochford, a youthful veteran of the H-R unit, says that panic is the main reason. "Such panic may be brought on by selfish motives," he goes on. "A man runs to protect himself. He may be intoxicated, or be without a driver's license or liability insurance. Maybe he has a long record of negligent driving. Other motorists flee simply because they know they've been driving recklessly and are at fault. The real test," Rochford adds, "is whether he turns himself in or waits for us to find him."

Chief of the H-R unit is Lt. Edwin F. Berger, a serious-minded, dedicated man who has spent nearly 30 years in police work, most of it in traffic enforcement. Lt. Berger takes a grim view of his unit's work. "A hit-run motorist who leaves an injured person on the street com-

mits the most insidious crime in the books," he says. "Quite often a driver's failure to stop and aid his victim represents the difference between injury and death. As we see it, a hit-run death can be a form of murder. We never give up on these cases."

Sergeant Barney Glavin, an 11-year man with the H-R unit, agrees. Barney is still searching for the driver who ran down a three-year-old boy five years ago, and left him to die. The sergeant has carefully preserved certain evidence that will convict the fugitive once he's found. "And we'll find him, too," he says.

H-R squad members wish that witnesses to auto accidents were more reliable. Police often have to sort out conflicting stories about the make, year, model, or color of a car. At night, for instance, most dark-colored cars are described as black. License numbers, too, become transposed in the minds of witnesses so that 159 might be reported as 195, or 951, or 591.

At one fatal hit-run accident, several witnesses agreed that the last three numbers of a fleeing car's license were 810. None could describe the car. Since more than three million vehicles are registered in Illinois, this left the investigating officers with something like 3,000 suspects.

They obtained photostatic copies of the 3,000 vehicle registration cards and worked all night sorting them out. By morning they had selected the cards of 21 owners who

lived in the general neighborhood of the accident. This was only the beginning. If necessary, they would locate and examine every one of the 3,000 cars.

Teams of detectives went to the homes of these 21 owners and asked to see their cars. One vehicle had a freshly damaged grill. The owner claimed that he had found it thus after leaving the car in a parking lot. Overlooking no possibility, a detective sprawled alongside the car and studied its undersurface. The area around the oil pan, ordinarily caked with grease and dirt, had been recently wiped clean. Why?

The owner could give no explanation, so the car was taken to a police garage for a going-over by lab men. Adhering to the crankcase drain plug they discovered cloth fibers that matched clothing worn by the victim. It was the victim's body, they also determined, that had wiped the oil pan clean as the car jolted over it. Confronted with this evidence, the owner admitted (almost with relief) that he was the man they were looking for.

H-R officers have handled some unbelievable cases, but all agree the worst offender is the driver who injures and abandons a child. One afternoon last year, a seven-year-old boy was playing with his nine-year-old sister on Chicago's North Side. He darted out into the street, where he was knocked sprawling by a fast-moving car.

The driver walked back to the un-

conscious boy lying on the pavement, examined him a moment, then carried him to the car and drove off. The little girl ran home and told her mother, who notified the police.

A district squad was sent to the accident scene but could find no other witnesses. They called the nearest hospitals, but none reported receiving an injured child. They suspected that the case might be the product of overworked imagination.

About an hour after the accident, in an apartment building about four blocks away, a housewife heard strange noises and decided to investigate. At the bottom of a dark stairway she stumbled across the body of a little boy. His leg was broken and he was only half conscious; he was moaning with pain. She ran for a telephone.

H-R detective Jim Clark was home enjoying his night off when he heard a description of the case on a newscast. He phoned his partner, Frank O'Brien, and together they drove to the accident scene.

All that evening, working with other teams of H-R detectives, they questioned storekeepers, pedestrians, and neighborhood motorists in search of one good witness. Nobody knew anything helpful about the case; no clues were turned up.

Early next morning Clark and O'Brien were back on the job. They decided to try another angle. At a Catholic grade school near the accident scene they talked to the Sister in charge. When classes began, each

teacher told her pupils about the accident and asked possible witnesses to come forward. A second-grader raised her hand.

She had seen the accident, she told Clark and O'Brien, but that was about all they could get out of her. Hopefully the officers took her home to her mother. The mother's efforts were more successful. "She recognized the driver," the mother told O'Brien. "He lives in that big building across the street."

The child knew only his first name, but for these officers that was enough. By questioning residents of the building, they learned that their quarry was a young construction worker. An hour after the accident, his family said, he'd come home and changed clothes to keep a date with his girl. They hadn't seen him since.

"Our man was in hiding," Clark says. "We decided to scare him out. Police were staked out around the clock at his home, his girl's home, and his job. We knew he would get in touch with one or another of his friends soon, and we warned them to give him one message: 'Turn yourself in.'"

Next day, 48 hours after the accident, the suspect walked into the Hit-Run unit's office and surrendered.

Police traffic experts say that hit-run accidents can be reduced if the offending motorists are arrested promptly and receive stern treatment from the courts. Here's how you can help.

1. If you see a car fleeing an accident, get the license number. If you can't get the complete number, try to remember the first three or four digits. If you don't have a pencil, scratch them on the pavement with a stone or in the dirt with a stick.

2. Note the car's make and color, if you can, and any unusual char-

acteristics: window emblems, damaged parts, flashy accessories.

3. Tell police the direction the car was traveling and the number of occupants.

4. Be willing to testify in court if you are asked to do so.

5. And don't *you* ever leave the scene of an accident!



THE CELLULOID CHRISTIANS

According to Hollywood, religion films must be one of two types: 1. the present day religion-can-be-fun type, or 2. the ancient Biblical epic of Christianity in its earlier days.

In the present-day type, you are likely to find priests and nuns who are "real good Joes." They generally were prize fighters, tennis champs, singers, or something both rugged and glamorous before they clamped on the collar or wiggled into the wimple. They are inclined to call others "my son," but they are always healthy, hearty, and happy. Some of them will even mischievously take a wee nip now and then. When they talk about God, they use some cute term like "the Man Upstairs," or "the Big Boss." Religion itself is generally sociology with a collar.

The laymen, on the other hand, pray continuously to statues, usually of the Blessed Virgin, and usually in the worst possible taste. They also pray aloud and light candles galore (to the accompaniment of the full-time organist and choir that infest every cinematic Catholic church). All in all, celluloid Christianity should have that sugary glow of goodness—superficial always, never disturbing; never doctrinal or dogmatic, but of the general philosophy that runs something like this: let's all be nice to each other and nice things will happen to us, too.

In the Biblical epic, there are many added ingredients. Here Hollywood can go wild with costumes and dancing girls to show us just how bad things really were before Christianity stepped in. We can also have miracles performed by cloaks, or glowing chalices. Conversion comes with an orchestral accolade, and visions usually mean violins on the sound track.

No one prays quietly or without neatly clasped hands. The head must always be lifted skyward and eyeballs rolled upward. Christianity is distilled to the point where it means little more than "turning the other cheek." And scenes of peaceful people having their cheeks slapped are a denarius a dozen.

John E. Fitzgerald in *Our Sunday Visitor* (26 July '59).

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A TIP FROM THE MARINES

As I was opening the door at Port Authority in New York City, a young man stepped forward and offered to carry my two suitcases. No porter was in sight, and I was delighted to get rid of the heavy bags. It was a long walk to the ticket window, and a complicated journey, which included two steep flights of stairs, to the bus.

"I must give him a big tip," I thought, opening my purse.

But the young man merely shook his head and said, "Just pay for the Marines. They need it. I know—I was one."

Kay Bartels.



Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: How can the Catholic Church express a great respect for man's intellect and at the same time fence his intellect in with an Index of Prohibited Books?

I have heard a Catholic student with some pretensions to learning rather breezily explain his ignorance of two masterpieces—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*—on the ground that "they're on the Index, you know." Another Catholic acquaintance to whom I mentioned this incident told me that he had himself been "given permission" to read those works.

Why should a mature, intelligent man (or any man, for that matter) have to ask permission to get acquainted with some of the world's greatest books? Isn't the Index really an outmoded disciplinary tool that ought to be dropped? David Dempsey.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

When we try to explain the Index to our non-Catholic friends, David, one of our first problems is that of semantics. The terms we must use are loaded: liberty of conscience,

freedom of thought and expression, censorship, authority, permission, subjection, and obedience. They are catchwords, in the sense that they release a catch on assorted

prejudices and emotions, letting them fly loose to entangle our thinking.

Liberty and freedom are slogans of patriotism; our fathers and our brothers have died for them. Any authority which would curtail them is traitorous. Censorship brings visions of an eagle-beaked Puritan of ancient vintage, poking his prurient nose into our private pleasures, and threatening to burn us at the stake if we don't desist—or at least to burn our books. Authority implies the authoritarianism of the dictator. Permission brings memories of childish subjection; and obedience hints at servility.

No exercise of authority, no law or censorship can make sense until we have a comprehensive grasp of true liberty and freedom, and see these precious rights in their proper positions in the scale of values. Freedom is not the ultimate goal of human life; we aim at happiness, in this life and in eternity, and freedom is a valued means of achieving that aim. But it can only be a useful means if it remains in harmony with right and truth.

There are current in our modern world various concepts of liberty. The most extreme is that of the existentialists, who live in a world devoid of meaning and rattle around in it without purpose or moral restraint. They make their decisions without the aid of principle, with no firm sense of values; and they acknowledge the right of no earthly power

to influence them. They have the freedom of the space man, unrestrained even by gravity; and it must leave them lonely and insecure.

A more populous second group like to call themselves liberals, but we might dispute their right to that title, which is claimed by all who are free and tolerant and love liberty. They might rather be called liberalists. They believe that a man's freedom should be limited only by the strict and proven rights of other men. They accept law as a restraint on liberty, but they hold that no law of state or Church should attempt to determine man's obligation to himself or to his God. Truth imposes no necessary limits to the liberalist's freedom; man must be free to believe error, if he wishes. And goodness inflicts no restraints; the liberalist defends his right to choose evil, foolish and immature though the choice may be.

We Catholics prize liberty as much as anyone. Through the centuries the Church has often stood alone in insisting that man has within himself the principle of true liberty: a free will. And she has always upheld man's basic right to use his free will, unhampered by arbitrary restraints. But she does insist that we have definite personal obligations to ourselves and our God. True liberty, David, is that which best serves our purpose in life; it is not freedom from law, but freedom under just law. It does not chafe under reasonable restraint; it rather rejoices to

have competent help and guidance.

Catholics take as much delight as other Americans in those glorious words of our Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." But pursuit of happiness is the main objective, and it requires that liberty be in harmony with right, and that license be balanced with discipline.

Church censorship does not make sense until we understand the Church's divine foundation and purpose, and the teaching authority which was given her by Jesus Christ. We Catholics hold that the Church is the Mystical Body of Christ: a spiritual extension of Himself, of his love, authority, and sanctifying power. When the Church speaks we recall the words of Jesus to His Apostles: "He who hears you hears me." So when the Church tells us not to read a certain book it is as though our divine Master gave us that command.

The Church is first of all a teacher. Jesus gave her a solemn commission that she should make disciples of all nations, preach the Gospel to them, and teach people to observe all that He had commanded. Any good teacher is concerned about the truth; she wants to keep it intact and to see that it is taught faithfully. She is concerned about the textbooks

she uses, and she will surely eliminate from her courses those writings which distort the facts.

Most of us are deeply grateful to teachers of our youth, who inspired and guided our studies, and taught

A general expectation prevails in Europe that the coming ecumenical council will certainly deal with the reformation of Canon Law, a deep concern of the Holy Father, and very probably with the Index.

"Reformers" want 1. a radical removal from the Index of obsolete material from past centuries. On the Index now are little known oddities in the form of pamphlets and, on the other hand, works like Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. Only trained philosophers can read it — for them, however, it is a must. 2. The reformers say that the Index should allow greater leeway for new ideas and propositions. Pius XII warned Catholics against a senseless fear of everything original only because it is new. 3. Books should be placed on the Index only after the writer's bishop has been consulted. 4. A full hearing should be accorded to the author. 5. The reasons for any prohibition ought to be made fully known. The oversimplified unofficial comments which now appear in the *Osservatore Romano* are often unsatisfactory. 6. The dispensations to readers should be given more liberally.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn in the *Boston Pilot*. (18 July '59).

us to discern between the true and the false, the good and the bad.

To the Catholic Church is such a teacher, but she is much more. She is maternal; she is a loving parent who looks out for the spiritual welfare of her children with the competence which comes from centuries of experience, and with the sureness which comes from the authority Christ gave her.

David, when a non-Catholic becomes critical of the Index he should keep this in mind: the Church is not trying to impose her laws upon him or his friends who are outside her membership. For all practical purposes, her laws are for us, her members; and we accept them freely, not with blind servility, but with reverence for the divine origin of the authority behind them. If I did not hear the kindly voice of Jesus speaking through the decrees of the Holy Office when it forbids certain books, I might scream in protest. But as it is I accept these decrees with love and alacrity, even though I may not see the reason for some of them—and may not like some of them.

The Church's obligations as a teacher are peculiar; her truths were revealed to her, and they often cannot be verified by experiment, research, or logic. She must be careful to keep them intact, and solicitous in teaching them correctly—especially in view of their critical necessity for eternal happiness. Realizing the importance of books as a teaching medium, the Church has long been

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concerned about them: anxious that the good ones be widely used, careful that the dangerous ones be wisely restricted.

The Church's earliest concern was with the books of the Bible; she guarded the inspired books carefully to keep them intact, and she was critical in holding them separate from an abundance of apocryphal writings which sought to usurp their sacred place.

The pagan classics gave concern to early Christians, who often esteemed their literary value, but were anxious about their harmful influence on faith and morals.

However, it seems that the first book officially condemned by the Church was the *Thalia* of Arius, whose heresy was proscribed by the Council of Nicea in 325. Later Pope Anastasius condemned the works of Origen, who was a great philosopher and teacher of the early Church, but whose errors were judged dangerous to those not sufficiently educated to discern and deal with them. Pope Leo the Great condemned writings of the Manicheans, in the middle of the 5th Century.

It was not until the invention of the printing press that the Church became greatly involved in the censorship of books. And she was not the only authority concerned about the abundant and wide-spreading products of this new invention. Henry VIII censored books in England, Charles V did the same in the Netherlands. At Paris, the Sorbonne was

more competent, but also more comprehensive, in exercising its authority.

The first catalogue of forbidden books was prepared by Pope Paul IV in 1559. Then the Council of Trent revised the Church's legislation on books, and laid the foundation for our present laws. And on the basis of this new legislation, Pope Pius IV revised that early Index and brought it up to date, in 1564. There have been various editions since that time; and the entire legislation of the Church was modernized by Pope Leo XIII in 1897 and by the Code of Canon Law in 1918. In the edition of the Index which appeared in 1948 there are listed 4,126 condemned works; the great majority of them are ancient books of theology and philosophy, obscure and little known in our modern world.

The most practical book I know on this subject was written by Father Redmond A. Burke, c.s.v: *What Is the Index?* Much of my information has been gleaned from it. According to my count, Father Burke lists 112 authors who have had all their works condemned. Of these 88 wrote on theology, eight on philosophy, one on politics, one on law, three on religion, and four on history. Three are listed in the field of literature and four in belles-lettres. The ones in this last category are the best known of the lot: Maurice Maeterlinck, Anatole France, Emile Zola, and Pietro

Giordani. In literature I recognize only one name: Jean Paul Sartre, one of the most recent added to the Index. (The works of André Gide have been condemned since this edition of the Index was published).

Among the theologians whose total works are condemned I fail to recognize even a half-dozen names; only David Blondel, Giordano Bruno, John Lightfoot, Albericus Gentilis, and Hugo Grotius—and these last two I know from law rather than theology.

There are bigger names among the philosophers: Francois Voltaire, René Descartes, Thomas Hobbes, David Hume, and Benedetto Croce. John Gentile is also on the list, but his subject field is not indicated.

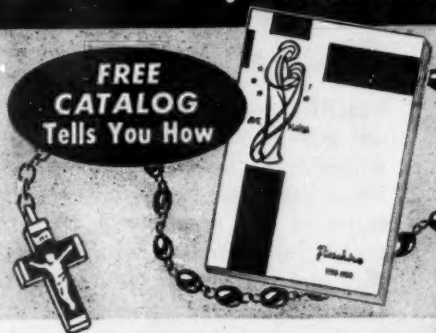
Sigmund Freud never got on the Index, and neither did Karl Marx. But in 1949 the Holy Office issued a decree which pointed out that the writings in the Marxist press are designed to undermine Christianity, and so are forbidden by the general law of the Church.

As for Gibbon, I really do not know why he is on the Index, but it is probably because of his contempt for Christianity, and for things Catholic in particular. He was inclined to be lofty and cynical, and consequently to give offense. His facts are apparently accurate, but his interpretations often reflected his ironic opposition to Christianity.

Gibbon was very popular and highly fashionable in his day. And his volumes were often cited as argu-

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ments against the Church; they were recommended as antidotes for those who had any idea of becoming Catholic.

Gustave Flaubert is considered the father of the modern novel, and he is celebrated for the purity and force of his style, for the validity of his scenes and the verity of his characters. *Madame Bovary* presents a sordid story, with some very real but stupid and vulgar characters. Possibly it was placed on the Index because of the notoriety it received from a public trial in which the author and publisher were accused of presenting an immoral work. The defendants were acquitted; and the passages which were then alleged as pornographic would seem quite tame to readers of modern novels.

That you may better evaluate the force of the Index, David, I will translate for you part of Canon 1398 of the Code of Canon Law: "The forbidding of a book means that, without proper permission, it may not be edited, read, kept, sold, translated, or in any way communicated to others."

You object to obtaining permission, but we do not, because we recognize the authority of the Church as our teacher and maternal guide. But anyway, you will note that the prohibition of books is conditional—subject to authorization from proper Church authorities. And provisions are made that the bishop can grant this permission quite readily to most persons who are qualified

and have good reason to read some book on the Index. It is not the Church's intention to condemn these books to complete oblivion; it is rather to warn the unwary and to keep the books out of the hands of those who are not able to handle them competently.

And it should also be noted that the Index lists only a small number of the thousands of books of the world which richly deserve condemnation. You will find on the Index none of the junk which litters our gaudy book stands, none of the modern novels which would make Flaubert blush, few of the philosophies which make Kant seem so solid, and little of the theology which makes Luther seem orthodox. Incidentally, you will not find Luther's name in the Index. But this does not mean that the reading of his works is permitted. By general laws all books of heresy and heretics are forbidden, along with books against religion and sound morality. I would need a separate article to explain these general laws and the Church's requirement of her authorization, or *Imprimatur*, for the publication of certain types of books.

The Index is published in various languages, but it really makes little difference except for the preface. The titles of the various condemned books are given in their original language, and most of them seem to be in Latin, with French apparently holding second place. There are quite a few in Italian, some in Ger-

man, and an occasional one in Spanish and English. I find a few titles in Greek and Hebrew, and there is one which seems to be in Arabic.

An indication of the practical importance of the Index emerges from a conversation I had with nine of my fellow priests while I was writing this article. None of them had a copy of the Index in his library; they had all seen it at one time or another, but had little precise knowledge about it. My own edition of the Index dates from 1929, and has been little used in the intervening years, except to answer questions presented to me. I had to visit our university library to find a recent edition.

Our university students do have need, occasionally, to read books on the Index. They explain their cases to me and I refer the request to the bishop, who grants the permission readily, merely advising them to be cautious in their use of the books and not to pass them on to others who do not have permission.

And it is probably salutary, David, for the mature and intelligent man to recall occasionally that his powers of critical discernment are not without limit; and that he can gain much spiritual merit by the exercise of humility, in submitting to the teaching authority of the Church. After all, the person who boasts that he can read anything is not really mature; he bears resemblance to the braggart who can eat anything—or drink anything.

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MAYBE I was a little sneaky about it, but it did bring my husband the gift of the faith, and he thanks me for it now. Of course, I had the advantage of being a convert myself.

In my own case, I was seeking peace of mind, and found it in the Church. My family opposed me bitterly, but in the end it came to a choice of pleasing them or saving my own soul.

I wanted my husband to share my joy. After months of praying, I approached him with a plan that I really feared in my heart he would not accept: I would challenge him to prove me wrong. I explained that since I had studied my new-found faith thoroughly I knew both his and my own, while he knew only his own. Wouldn't it make for better understanding between us if he studied mine, also?

"In fact," I went on, "if you can, after taking instructions, convince me that I am wrong, I will believe you and will give up Catholicism."

To my utter surprise, he accepted the challenge, remarking that I need not expect him ever to be foolish enough to become a Catholic, that he was doing this only to show me how wrong I had been in changing my religious allegiance. Needless to say, before his instructions closed he was championing for acceptance into the Church.

Our youngest son became interested in a sweet Catholic girl, and because of

his interest in her started taking instructions with his dad. The boy and his girl broke off; but he continued on with his dad, and they were baptized the same day.

Mrs. A. L. Barber.

I HAD HEARD that a man had been condemned to death, but didn't know that he was to be transferred for execution to Jesselton prison here in Bundu Tuhan in British North Borneo, where I was chaplain. Now the superintendent had phoned me, saying that the condemned man, Ganium, wanted a priest. This puzzled me, indeed, as Ganium came from a remote place in the interior where the Fathers had not yet penetrated.

I went to the prison, presuming that Ganium would be looking for some temporal favor. "No, Father, I only want to become a Catholic to save my soul."

As I instructed him in the short time available, I was amazed that he knew so much. "Who taught you all this?" I asked.

"Mohammed, during the long evenings here last week, shouting at the top of his voice through the thick wall. And he ended by urging me to call a priest."

Now, Mohammed I knew well. He was a lifer, and a cheerful rogue. He was an Islamite, and all he had got from me was some literature.

He had not become a Catholic himself. "I have my own religion, Father," he explained, "but for a man condemned to death there is no surer way to heaven than the Catholic religion." And that religion, Ganium, baptized Joseph, now had on the eve of his death.

J. W. Roetenberg.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

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